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[A Literary Supplement is issued with this number; and another will appear next week.]

## NOTES.

THE Diamond Jubilee procession on Tuesday was undoubtedly a great success. The Queen's almost incredible fortune in the matter of weather stood her once more in good stead, and the sun shone forth gloriously on the nation's rejoicing. The crowd was not so dense as most people expected, but it was perfectly orderly, and there was so little crushing that many women and children saw the procession in comparative comfort. It was easy to see that the crowd was to a large extent composed of country people. Many Londoners wisely enough took the opportunity of the festivities for a trip into the country. The railways did an enormous business, carrying people out of and into town, and this exchange of inhabitants between town and country explains to some extent both the orderliness and the comparative smallness of the crowd. When the Emperor of Russia came to England a few years ago the spectators were much more numerous. All London turned out to see him, and some million and a half of people from the country as well. The crowd in the streets to view the illuminations on Tuesday night was much bigger than that in the morning. The two thickly massed streams of people moving in opposite directions along the line of route beneath the glare of multitudinous lights made a striking scene.

The procession itself was impressive from a military and a Court point of view, but it was more remarkable for what was left out than for what was included. The two Houses of Parliament had no place in the pageant, nor were the art, the science, or the literature of the reign in any way represented in it. It was what no doubt it was intended to be—symbolical of the Empire over which the Queen has reigned for sixty years; but it was not the fault of the Court officials that its most significant feature, its Colonial portion, was not relegated to the rear place. The whole treatment of the Colonial contingent during the celebration has been a muddle, as the Spithead affair shows; but fortunately the public, by their enthusiastic reception of the Colonial troops in the procession and wherever they have appeared, have made up for the lukewarmness of the permanent officials. Mr. Wanklyn has done good service in the House of Commons by calling attention repeatedly to the duty of the nation towards our Colonial visitors. The truth seems to be that the Colonial Office and the Treasury have been at loggerheads in the matter. Of course there were great difficulties in the accom-

modation of so many visitors, but there was no need to increase those difficulties by a cheeseparing policy. Expense was the last thing which should have been considered at such a moment in our Imperial history.

The Colonial Premiers who came over for the Jubilee were on the whole a rough, hard-headed lot—men of tried ability, but little polish. They were in fact the sort of men who have built up our Colonial Empire, a work which has not been done by hands in kid gloves. The New Zealand and Australian Premiers especially were typical Colonials. The Premier of Tasmania, Sir E. C. Braddon, who served as a volunteer in the Indian Mutiny and was in the Indian Civil Service until 1878, is probably the most refined and educated man amongst them, and the Hon. Sir W. V. Whiteway, the Premier of Newfoundland, would come next. One of the Premiers, by the way, protested in conversation the other day against the use of the word “Premier,” and particularly against the Prince of Wales's French pronunciation of it. “Premiu,” he said, “is bad enough, but Premié is worse. Why not call us Prime Ministers?” “Premier,” it is true, is neither French nor English—like “nom-de-plume” and other words in common use. In French and in diplomatic usage the proper term, of course, is *Président de Conseil*. “Premier” is slang. We like it.

When the turn of Parliament came to take part in the Celebration it cut a sorry figure. The procession of the faithful Commons to Buckingham Palace on Wednesday resolved itself at the end into a hurried scramble, and the Speaker had presented the Address and was coming out before many members had got in. There were loud complaints amongst members of both parties against the scant courtesy with which they had been treated at Buckingham Palace. They were apparently hustled by the Court Chamberlains, and, though the day was extremely hot, not even a glass of lemonade was provided in the way of refreshment. To make matters worse, when the Speaker arrived at Buckingham Palace he found that he had forgotten to bring the Mace with him, and without the “bauble” the Speaker is legally a mere private individual. The Lord Chancellor had brought the House of Lords Mace with him and so was all right, but the Speaker had to proceed with the presentation of the Address shorn of the greater part of his official glory.

When the procession left the House of Commons it was not without a dignity of its own, a dignity that was almost Quaker-like in its sedateness, contrasted with the glitter and pomp of the military show the day

before. The Speaker's great carriage, weighing a ton and a half, is more magnificent than any State carriage, finer even than the Trianon carriages of Louis XIV. at Versailles. It dates probably from the time of Queen Anne, and holds six persons. It was drawn by two superb Shire horses, lent by Mr. Whitbread and not unacquainted with the shafts of a brewer's dray, but quite in keeping with the ponderous coach, and decked with magnificent trappings. There were not many Peers in the procession, but some 520 members of the House of Commons took part in it. The House of Lords never makes a very brave show in the matter of numbers. The Peers seem to have a feeling that it is rather impertinent of them to take a prominent position in the Legislature, and so few of them attend on ordinary occasions that the doorkeepers do not know them. When the Home Rule Bill was rejected a great many of the Peers who came down to vote against it had to prove their identity before they could get in.

Inside Buckingham Palace the proceedings were hurried and perfunctory. The Queen was not looking very pleasant nor very happy, but she seemed hale and strong and equal to reigning twenty years more. The Prince and Princess of Wales are evidently in Her Majesty's good graces at present, and stood one on each side of the throne, the Princess looking wonderfully pretty and young. The Duke and Duchess of York, the latter looking old enough to be the mother of the Princess, on the other hand, stood behind the throne. The Queen has always been rather jealous of the Marlborough House set, probably for the reason that the old Court is always jealous of the young Court. Now it would seem that the Prince and Princess of Wales are in favour again, and it is the third generation which is in the background. There is no doubt at all, however, that the Princess is still the most beautiful woman at Court.

The attitude of the Irish members with regard to the Address from the Commons to the Queen was necessary and logical, no doubt, for them as a party, but it was not well managed. Like all the recent manifestations of the Irish members, it lost by being too theatrical. In Mr. Parnell's time such an occasion would have been admirably used, and a protest of a forcible and even impressive kind might have been made. Even now a united Irish party with Mr. Healy at its head could have done something with it. But the mere chaos of jarring atoms the once powerful Irish party has become is incapable of making any effective demonstration.

The Buckingham Palace fiasco is not the only occasion in connexion with the Jubilee celebration on which the House of Commons has been somewhat scurvily treated. In the distribution of peerages it has been most unaccountably left out, and not a single member has been translated to the Upper House. The Queen has most certainly been anxious to bestow some honours upon her friends in the Commons, but the Government has apparently vetoed any proposals of the kind. What is the meaning of it? It cannot be that the Government is afraid of bye-elections!

Not much work has been done in the House of Commons during the week. This was necessarily the case; but there has also been a visible lack of energy in the House. Probably members are beginning to look forward to the holidays and are getting rather slack. Supply and the Workmen's Compensation Bill will fully occupy all the rest of the Session, and as the Bill will take some time yet, the House will probably sit until 1 August.

The muzzling order may seem a small matter, but it is undoubtedly doing the Government a considerable amount of harm. In pastoral districts it is a serious grievance that sheepdogs should have to be muzzled, for it is impossible for them to do their work properly thus hampered, and complaints amongst farmers are very general. Mr. Walter Long is responsible, and has reaped much unpopularity. Now he would like to give way to the representations of sheepowners, but

he is being kept up to the mark by the permanent officials. The fact that sporting dogs are not muzzled makes the complaints more bitter.

Mr. Curzon reverted to his superior manner on Thursday night when he replied to Sir Charles Dilke's very pertinent and forcible speech in Supply on the question of slavery in Zanzibar. He declared his belief that nothing had been done there with regard to fugitive slaves that was contrary to British law. That may be; but Sir Charles Dilke's contention was that, though slavery had been nominally abolished in Zanzibar, it was really still existent, and he drew attention to the disgraceful fact that slaves who escaped from the island to the slip of British territory on the East Coast of Africa were by order of the British Courts handed over to their former masters. What has become of the boast that a slave was free when his foot touched British soil? And why should we spend money on sending cruisers to the East Coast of Africa to stop the slave-trade if British judges encourage it in this fashion?

Greece and Turkey do not seem to have come nearer a definite settlement during the week, but the Sultan has not gained anything by his delays and shufflings. His appeals to Germany and Russia have apparently been quite unsuccessful, and Tewfik Pasha's proposals at the conference of the Ambassadors, on Thursday, show that his master has practically abandoned all hope of getting a portion of Thessaly. Tewfik Pasha's attitude has also become much more satisfactory. It is odd that nearly all the news that comes to us of the proceedings of the peace conference tells much of what the other Powers are doing, but little of what England is doing. At present no one knows whether Lord Salisbury is really making a strong stand or not. It would be wiser if he would give Parliament some information from time to time. We do not mean that he should go as far as Mr. Chamberlain has gone and publish despatches in England before they are received at their destination. But there is a happy mean between absolute reticence and injudicious publicity which a Foreign Minister might surely find.

Mr. Gibson Bowles did well to call attention in Committee of Supply to the remission of the Death Duties in the case of the late Tsar of Russia, who left a sum of £213,273 in the Bank of England when he died in 1894. The Death Duties on this sum should have amounted to £13,800, but not a penny was paid. Why favour of this kind should be shown to a foreign sovereign is one of those high matters of State the ordinary mind cannot comprehend, and the matter becomes still more remarkable when it is remembered that in the similar case of the King of Portugal the Death Duties were demanded and paid. What is the rule by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes these distinctions?

A useful provision has been inserted in the second Schedule to the Workmen's Compensation Bill, ordaining that "in any proceedings under this Act no party or other person shall appear or be attended by counsel or solicitor except by the leave of the Court or arbitrator, or on any appeal to the Court of Appeal." At some future convenient stage an attempt to get rid of this clause will be made by certain wreckers whose vigilance the insertion of the enactment escaped. They will urge that the clause is ludicrously unworkable; that it will, interpreted literally, permit a lawyer's clerk or a solicitor struck off the Rolls to appear, while excluding a properly qualified man, and that it should be amended in the interests of companies. There may be something in the objection to the phraseology, but if the wording needs to be altered, it should only be so altered as to make it quite clear that no person of the professional attorney character shall be allowed to interfere in arbitration proceedings between workman and employer. The wreckers of course want to reserve to employers power to crush the other side by the feeing of expensive lawyers; but this must not be. Even as a general rule (apart from the special circumstances of this case), it is always the

right thing to seize every opportunity of curbing the power of lawyers. Perhaps Sir Charles Dilke will see to the preservation of the paragraph 2.

Readers of the "Saturday Review" do not need to be reminded of our often repeated warning that the real danger-point in international politics has shifted from the near to the Far East, and the complications in that quarter have certainly not been simplified by the formal Japanese protest against the United States' annexation of Hawaii. A protest in itself means, of course, just as much or just as little as it is made to mean by the protesting party, and our wiseacres at home declare with one voice that it is absurd to imagine that Japan intends to invite destruction by seriously challenging American supremacy in Hawaii. The opinion of these authorities would be entitled to more weight if they had not been equally unanimous in predicting in 1870 that the French Guards would be encamped on the Unter den Linden in six weeks, and in 1894 that the Chinese would sweep the Japanese out of Corea. But the Japanese take themselves very seriously, and they are quite as conscious of a manifest destiny as are the Americans. Their supreme need is territory, and if they are forbidden access to the mainland by Russia they must fall back on the Pacific islands. It is quite possible, therefore, that Japan may elect to regard Hawaii as a life and death question, and then there will be trouble, for the United States has gone too far to retreat.

Japan has already a valid grievance against Hawaii by reason of the refusal of the filibuster government at Honolulu to permit the landing of two shiploads of Japanese emigrants, and she knows further that if the islands become United States territory the Japanese settlers and labourers will be treated as the Chinese are treated on the Pacific coast. Suppose then that Japan simply insists on the admission of these emigrants, and in case of forcible resistance lands an armed force of blue jackets from the two Japanese cruisers now in Japanese waters. These temporary occupations for the protection of life and property have a habit of becoming permanent; and what would the United States do in face of the *fait accompli*? The Japanese navy is at this moment stronger in the Pacific than that of the United States, and although America could in the long run and with or without the help of Russia drive out the Japanese and capture the islands, the victory would be dear at the price. The sugar ring would be triumphant, but America would have abandoned the impregnable position guaranteed her by the wisdom of Washington and Monroe, and would have definitely embarked on a career of foreign conquest, involving the formation of a great navy. In the present temper of Washington politics a great navy would be as serious a menace to the peace of the world as was the great army in the hands of Napoleon a century ago, and the Pacific would become another Mediterranean with its desperate struggle for the mastery of the sea, in which England, Germany, France, Russia, and Japan, not to mention Holland and Spain, would all be interested. It is a pleasant prospect to be opened up by the peaceful Government of a peaceful Republic.

In the absence of the German Emperor the domestic crisis is not likely to make much progress towards solution. Meanwhile it is instructive, in view of the light thrown during the von Tausch trial on the relations of the German Press to the various offices and to the police, to watch the tone of the semi-official papers. Those under the influence of the "Emperor's men" have been constructing a government in which von Miquel, Tirpitz and von Bülow in place of Baron Marschall and the others deposed. Dr. von Miquel's friends in fact had begun to refer to him (like poor, forgotten M. Rouher) as "Vice-Emperor," and they all agreed in regarding Prince Hohenlohe as a mere figure-head. On Thursday, however, there came a counterblast from the faithful "Norddeutsche," asserting very emphatically that so long as he remained Imperial Chancellor he would insist on directing the whole home and foreign policy of the Empire. It is known that Prince Hohenlohe has more than once expressed his readiness to be relieved of office, and that only his loyalty to the

throne keeps him at his thankless post. But he has been able to show more than once that he will not consent to be a mere figure-head, and that while in office he will make his influence felt even against that of the Kaiser himself. Possibly, however, the young man will come home invigorated and ready for his third "Chancellor crisis."

The British mission to Abyssinia has practically disbanded itself at the conclusion of what, we must all hope, is a highly successful expedition, though for full assurance on this point we must be content to wait for some little time. Mr. Rennell Rodd and some of his officers are making their way across Europe as fast as they can, while Colonel Wingate and the Egyptian contingent of the mission are already back in Cairo. Meanwhile the story of a Chartered Company to administer and develop the Italian possessions on the Red Sea is being revived from Rome; but there is less chance than there ever was of such a solution of the problem which the Italian Government and people have to face being found feasible. The fact is that some months ago the question of finding British capital for an Erythrean Chartered Company was fully gone into and abandoned as impracticable; and it is obvious that in the present state of the relations between Italy and Abyssinia it is hopeless to attempt to revive the proposal. The Marquis di Rudini will have to find other means of pulling the Italian chestnuts out of the African fire.

Last Saturday Major Macdonald, of the Royal Engineers, left London to take command of an expedition up the Juba river in East Africa, for the purpose of determining more precisely the course of the river, and so settling the question as to the boundary in this part of Africa between the British and the Italian sphere of influence, as laid down in the protocols of March and April 1891. This, at least, was the ostensible object of the expedition, and no doubt in part its real object; but there seems some ground for the suggestion which has been made that the expedition has quite as much to do with pending questions between Abyssinia and ourselves as with the Anglo-Italian frontier. At the present moment Italy cannot be consumed with anxiety to demarcate her boundaries in Somaliland and the Galla countries, while there is no doubt that one of the main objects of Mr. Rodd's mission was to agree on a practicable frontier with the Emperor Menelek in Somaliland.

By far the most important and notable contribution to the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," published to-day, is Mr. Sidney Lee's article on Shakspeare. It may fairly be described as a masterpiece. As a succinct recapitulation of all that can now be known, of all that probably ever will be known, of the poet's biography and career, it simply leaves nothing to be desired. Carefully distinguishing between what is apocryphal and what is accurately ascertained, Mr. Lee threads his way through the labyrinth of Shakspeare's namesakes and ancestors, and through the fictions and conjectures which obscure and pervert fact at every step in his career. The vexed questions of Shakspeare's marriage and married life, of the Sonnets, of the sources of his income, and the like, are all admirably discussed. Mr. Lee has also shown excellent judgment in relegating to the Bibliography the Bacon-Shakspeare nonsense.

The only fault we have to find with it is in the critical portion. Mr. Lee here shows a tendency to take for granted what, with due deference to him, is still, to say the least, *sub judice*. The proofs, for instance, both internal and external, that Shakspeare was the author of "Titus Andronicus" appear to us conclusive. Nor has any one the right to assume as certain that Shakspeare was not the author of the First Part of "Henry VI." and of the two old plays on which the Second and Third Parts were founded. Again, it seems to us not simply improbable, but impossible, that "Troilus and Cressida" could have been written as early as 1603, and it is certainly going much too far to say that Wolsey's farewell to Cromwell was undoubtedly written by Fletcher.

## FOR WHAT THEY HAVE RECEIVED—

THERE is a sad lack of imagination about the long list of Jubilee honours. Had a master mind but grasped the idea that here for once there was a chance of according Imperial recognition to the men who have contributed during these sixty years to the extension of the Empire and to the progress of civilization, we might have seen a very different and much more distinguished list of names. In defiance of the obvious facts that England is essentially a naval Power, and that the progress distinctive of the Queen's reign has been essentially a progress in science and commerce rather than in military prowess, in the arts of peace rather than in the arts of war, the authorities who rule the dispensing of Royal favour have made the military element overshadow all others in the Jubilee list. Just as the Jubilee procession was planned on exclusively military lines till one grew weary of the eternal dragoons and hussars, so in the Jubilee list one is sickened with the repetition of Lieutenant-General This and Lieutenant-Colonel That, to the exclusion of men who have done something to move the world forward. For example, there are ninety-six C.B.'s in the list, of whom sixty-three bear military titles, five only appear to belong to the navy, and at least half the remainder appear to be attached to the Civil Service as administrators of departmental routine. Germany and the Germans are again to the fore. Not content with speaking good German (and broken English) themselves, the Royal Family have proceeded to heap honours on all the German princelets who flocked over to the celebration. The abnormal precedence over the older branch of the service in the giving of honours to the army is strictly in accordance with the rampant militarism of Germany. The one bright feature, the one point in which there has been a departure from antiquated tradition, is the recognition of the Colonial Premiers. This is distinctly good. It is a beginning of a glimmer of the Imperial idea in the official mind. The crowd on Jubilee day cheered the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier with right good will as one who had achieved something, and they cheered Maurice Gifford, because he had suffered something, for the Empire. For the rest, the list might have just as well been a mere ordinary birthday list. The millionaire steamship owner, the successful stockjobber, the provincial mayor, the fashionable physician, the Colonial magistrate and the party hack who has fought a tough constituency are all prominent enough; but of the men who have had the brains and insight to make England intellectual mistress of the world there is the barest sprinkling. Probably the three most striking advances in the aspect of the civilized world since 1837 are the substitution of the iron (or rather steel) ship for the old wooden walls, the growth of electric communication by telegraph and telephone, and the advent of photography. All these are essentially the products of the Victorian era. Yet not one of them has received the smallest recognition in the Jubilee honours. Not a single naval architect appears in the list, though Sir John Burns, Sir Donald Currie, and Sir Thomas Sutherland—all of them previously entitled—who have made money as directors of shipping companies, are singled out for further distinctions. The claims of the electricians are equally ignored. If there was one man with merits that could not be passed over at such a moment, surely it was the man who invented the printing telegraph and the microphone, David Hughes the Welshman, whom every other European Government has long ago honoured by recognition. He is passed over, while a baronetcy is conferred on the son of the late Sir John Pender, who made millions out of financial telegraphy. True, the grade of C.I.E. has been conferred upon two Indian telegraph officials, who, though doubtless admirable administrators, are innocent of any contribution to electric science; but why was no recognition given to the popular Chief Electrician of the British Postal Telegraphs, Mr. Preece, who is an electrician as well as an administrator? As for photography, that essentially nineteenth-century product, have we not living amongst us Mr. Swan, the inventor of the autotype or permanent photograph, and Captain Abney, the inventor of ortho-

chromatic and pioneer of dry-plate processes? Yet these are passed over. Mr. Swan's claims are particularly strong, since he is also the veritable inventor of the incandescent electric vacuum lamp. Chemistry has received a share of recognition in the honours tardily given to Sir Edward Frankland and to Sir William Crookes; but where is Dr. Perkin, the inventor of the two industries of the aniline and alizarine dyes, which only our national ingenuity has handed over as industries to the more scientific German? Engineering is recognized in the person of Sir John Wolfe Barry, who ought to have had his baronetcy three years ago on the completion of his masterpiece, the Tower Bridge. Astronomy is positively to the front; for the veteran Dr. Huggins and the indefatigable Professor Lockyer alike are made K.C.B., while the Astronomer Royal is rewarded by being thrust amongst a motley crowd of C.B.'s. There is a far more serious snub to science, however, in the total omission from the list of the name of Dr. Ludwig Mond. This gentleman, as all the world knows, gave a sum of £100,000 to equip and endow the Davy-Faraday research laboratory which was opened last year by the Prince of Wales. While distillers and tobacconists who give to party funds are knighted and baronetted, he who gives unselfishly to the cause of scientific progress, and affixes to his gift not his own name, but the names of those who have made England great in science, is coolly ignored. It is exactly as if Lord Salisbury had said: Don't do it again; give your money to the Primrose League, instead of wasting it on something of permanent national value, and you shall be decorated with titles and honours. Only to-day comes the announcement of the bestowal of a C.B. on the very official of Her Majesty's Board of Works who is responsible for the recent exploit in snubbing Lord Lister and the Council of the Royal Society which we chronicled last week.

But this is by no means all. Scant as is the recognition given to science, art and literature are nearly as badly served. No one will grudge Mr. Richmond, the painter, his K.C.B., particularly in view of his special connexion with the mosaics of St. Paul's. But who is the Herr von Angeli who is made Honorary Commander of the Royal Victorian Order? Can it be the artist responsible for the smug and fatuous portraits of royal personages which from time to time amuse the art critics of Munich and Berlin? And the Gilbert who accompanies Sir Arthur Sullivan in the minor distinction of "Member of the Fourth Class," can it be, as rumour says, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A.? And what of other sculptors and painters, the men whose work is welcomed at Munich and in Paris as worthy of honour? We look in vain for any recognition of them. So too in literature, there is a great blank. Where is Mr. George Meredith? Has he no niche in the Victorian temple of letters? Not even amongst the knot of literary men in official life—the singing birds of the Board of Trade—has one been found worthy of recognition. An official who hopes for recognition by his Government must not dare to achieve distinction either in literature or science. Sir John Lubbock has not been made a peer: though a financier, a statesman and a Unionist, he is tainted with dabbling in science and literature—an obvious disqualification for advancement. There is one name in literature which from the special point of view of the growth of the Imperial idea might have well received recognition—we mean Mr. Rudyard Kipling. There is no question that it is he who has chiefly implanted in English minds the idea of the vast Federal Empire around the globe, the central idea which has made this Jubilee different from anything ever witnessed before. In this sense Kipling is greater than Wolseley, greater than Roberts, greater than both combined. Yet he has been given no honour. Verily the administrators and defenders of the Empire have been exalted at the expense of its extenders, of its real makers. Even our greatest philosophical writer, Mr. Herbert Spencer, is denied the one recognition possible to him. Our greatest naturalist, the explorer of the Malay Archipelago, and co-discoverer with Darwin of the origin of species, Mr. A. R. Wallace, is also ignored. Neither to Oxford nor to Cambridge has any

honour fallen. The University Colleges of the provincial towns—a purely Victorian growth of great and increasing intellectual importance—are treated as non-existent. The lack of imagination has triumphed over all that might have been.

#### HAWAII AND THE HAWAIIANS.

**T**HREE is many a paradise in the Western Pacific ; but the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, the new territory of the United States, are generally allowed to be the most attractive and beautiful. They are well within the tropics, but are situated so far north of the line as to offer all the advantages, and at the same time to be beyond reach of most of the disadvantages, attaching to a tropical position. Strategically, too, they are of importance. The possessor of this group has the best "stand" in all the Pacific, and, given the essentials of naval supremacy, should dominate that ocean. Honolulu, the capital, boasts an enclosed harbour capable of giving shelter to a large fleet. There is no doubt, of course, that these considerations of policy have dictated the precipitate action of the American Government, and have caused it to decide upon the matter before the growing influence of Japan in the islands becomes too great and before the growing navy of that country becomes too powerful to make peaceful annexation possible. The population at the present time numbers some 140,000, about one-half of whom are natives, 24,000 Japanese, 15,000 Chinese, 14,000 whites of European or American extraction, and the remainder a hybrid race. The Hawaiians have sadly fallen away, physically and mentally, since the days of Captain Cook, who was the first to make their existence known to us, and are rapidly becoming exterminated. A hundred years ago they were, by the admission of the great circumnavigator himself, the finest and most intelligent race in the Pacific. Now, it would be difficult to find a race so degenerate—so destitute of the real island virtues, so compounded of the lowest Western vices. If they were not lazy and drunken, and afflicted with disease that is transmitted from generation to generation, there would be no occasion for the presence among them of Japanese and Chinese coolies to perform the labours which they are unequal to perform. We, no doubt, have ourselves to blame, in large measure, for their degeneracy. We carried to them the inestimable blessing of civilization and Christianity, and the old whalers who called there to revictual and the traders who stopped there to dispose of "Yankee notions" in return for native produce fifty times their value taught them to appreciate bad spirits and disseminated amongst them those diseases which have proved most potent of all in destroying them. At the present day the natives count for little in the government of the islands. Though, under the constitution established after the deposition of Queen Liliuokalani, every native Hawaiian who can read and write is entitled to a vote, it is a fact that few can read and write, that fewer still trouble themselves in the affairs of State, and that the Government has for the past three years been in the hands of adventurers who have a bias in favour of America. It is certain that the islands will prosper more under the rule of an advanced State than it ever did under the monarchy, or than it would be likely to do under a native republic.

Honolulu may be described as the largest city in the Pacific. It is situated on the island of Oahu, and has perhaps 30,000 inhabitants. It is eminently a "live" city, with many fine buildings, most conspicuous among which is the Aliiolani Hall, or Government building. Having come early under the influence of the United States, it boasts of the electric light and the trolley car, and possesses a telephone system which is probably unequalled. One gets a favourable view (to which the haze of distance lends additional enchantment and softness) of the city and its background as one turns Diamond Head and enters the harbour. In front is the shipping—mail steamers, Clyde-built barques (too often flying the German flag), four-masted Yankee schooners and native boats ; beyond, lying level, but half hidden by trees, is the white city, pallid in the mists of dawn ; surrounding it on the three sides is a wonderful plenitude of foliage—

royal palms, cocoa-nut palms less majestic and erect but far more graceful, date palms half concealing their luscious fruit beneath the dark shade of feathery fronds, monkey pods with their hospitable shade and leaves that close at nightfall, the brilliantly flaming hibiscus, oleanders white and pink, tamarinds, bananas, mango trees with inverted-pear-like fruit, eucalyptus, pomegranate, orange, lime, citron, and a hundred more varieties ; while far inland rises a range of hills, the Waianae Mountains on the one hand and the extinct crater of the Punch-bowl on the other, with the tremendous gap of the Pali between. The city itself, where most of the white residents live, is interesting in other ways—for its tropico-European character and for the many types of humanity and the many varieties of dress (and undress) you encounter from the moment of landing. Here you find a town of the Southern States, with strong dash of the European, transplanted bodily, as it were, into a land of palms and perpetual white sunshine. From the utilitarian point of view Honolulu and the islands as a group possess great attractions and greater possibilities. The capital is a regular calling place for South Sea traders, no less than for the mail steamers which sail between New Zealand and Vancouver and between Yokohama and Vancouver or San Francisco, and is a place of much business and bustle. It has also fairly large direct dealings with Europe and Australasia. The soil of the islands generally is fertile, and, thanks largely to American enterprise, has been turned with success to the cultivation of sugar. Rice is also grown in large quantities, and other exports which are capable of considerable expansion are coffee, wool and hides, in addition to fruit. As may readily be supposed, America has the largest share of the trade of Hawaii. The value of the exports to the United States in the fiscal year 1895-6 was \$11,743,343 (nearly the whole of which represented sugar brought in under the treaty) and the value of the imports \$3,985,707.

A report just issued from our Consul at Honolulu shows that these figures represent something like 76 per cent. of the whole trade of the islands. We learn from the same report that the total trade during the calendar year 1896 amounted to £4,677,700, the largest ever recorded in the history of the country, and £1,751,400 in excess of the total for 1895. Great Britain enjoys about 10 per cent. of the import, and scarcely any proportion at all of the export trade, the causes which tend to place the United States in the front rank in the one direction giving them an even greater preponderance in the other. Hitherto the Hawaiian tariff has served to keep out British manufactures other than textiles, corrugated iron, agricultural implements, whisky, and a few other articles. Under the new order we shall be dealing with an American possession, and shall be subjected to the duties which American tariff-mongers choose to impose. Altogether the prospects for British trade with Hawaii in the future are not hopeful. But, as already hinted, the islands themselves are likely to be happier under American than under Hawaiian rule.

#### THE BEST SCENERY I KNOW.

##### I.

**I**T is, I believe, the intention of the Editor to ask several writers to state what they have found most lovely in the scenery which adorns the recollections of their lives ; but there is a difficulty which strikes all who, by reason of extended travel, are familiar with scenery of very different kinds. It is impossible to compare one class of scenery with another, and to say of any "this" or "that is best."

Nothing can be more perfect in its beauty, given its kind, than some of the English hill-landscape of Surrey, Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, or than the woodland scenery of the "lawns" and "mixed woods" of the New Forest or of the Forest of Dean. How is it possible to compare such a nature with that of Alpine ranges or of the tropics ? All that can be done is to pick out a few representative scenes of each of many different types, and to say "this" or "that is very good, after its own kind."

Another difficulty which stands in our way is the impossibility to some men of dissociating mere scenery

from human or historical interest. The Bosphorus is inferior in natural beauty to the Inland Sea; but, given its place in the scale of beauty, it appeals to us by its traditions. The shores of Salamis and the upper part of the Gulf of Corinth are not so romantically noble as the Albanian coast, but they are fuller of rich memories, and one reads more poetry into the fine shapes of their hills. Elsinore is a green spot, inferior in the picturesque—though having charm—to many on the coasts of Ireland, but the shadow of Hamlet in our minds is the making of the landscape of Elsinore. Pitcairn Island is like many another ocean peak, but the story of the mutiny of the "Bounty" saves the view of it from the commonplace. The sunset views of the Himalayan peaks of Kafristan from the hills near Peshawar in the clear air of the Indian winter, though beautiful, do not greatly differ from several other Alpine landscapes in many parts of the world; but the little known nature and history of the Kafirs lend them a special interest of mystery.

Generally it may, I think, be said that all views of Alps from plains or low hills are superior to the views of Alps when we get among them. Nothing in Switzerland equals the views in clear weather from portions of the Italian plain or foothills, and no mountain views in any part of the world are comparable in beauty with those of snowy mountains from the sea.

Another difficulty, again, is weather, which gives one man a different impression of a landscape, even if it be fairly familiar to him, from that which another has of the same place. I have never happened myself to visit Capri except in winter, and the picture that I have of it in my mind is that of a Nova Zembla. It happened to me in the years before I went to Cambridge repeatedly to spend the first fortnight of grouse-shooting in the Highlands, and, as I never chanced to have fine weather, my impression of, for example, that head of Loch Awe of which Hamerton, in his great book on "Landscape," says that it has been celebrated for its sublimity ever since Burke wrote his essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful," and of which he adds that it is a scene of overwhelming grandeur, is disappointing. All that I could see when there I vividly remember—mist, with roaring torrents pouring down hill sides from nowhere. Not far different, perhaps, for the same reason, is my impression of the English lakes. On the other hand, the Irish coast, which many have only seen under conditions as depressing, is to me a dream of beauty. There are some pieces of scenery in the world, such as that of the first hundred miles from Akashi castle towards Simonosaki, in Japan, which it would be better to pass through over and over again until a fine day could be obtained than to wander aimlessly round the globe.

Connected, too, with weather, should be counted light. The hills of the Egyptian desert are only really beautiful in the marvellous yellow-green of the hour between dawn and sunrise; but, oh, how lovely then!

Scenery of the sweet but tame description which our British isles afford is best seen, as I fancy, in its most characteristic forms. The abnormal is easily surpassed elsewhere; but the normal at its best is unsurpassable, because peculiar to our land. Take the descent from Exmoor towards the East; or the view at high water of the Vales of Evesham, of Gloucester, and of Berkeley, from Blaistown Mount, or from Pleasant Stile near Newnham-on-Severn. These cannot be matched outside the British Isles, because they depend for their beauty on a particular combination of wood and water and houses and rounded hills not to be found elsewhere. There are a few chosen spots in Central Germany which are not wholly dissimilar from English landscape, and are very beautiful; and but for the general absence of water the same may be said of the eastern slopes of Auvergne. But there is no spot in the world where we could fancy ourselves at home, and no spot, therefore, which can be exactly compared with our own scenery.

As I have mentioned France, and as the scenery of France is commonly underrated, because the line from London to Paris is mostly ugly, and the daylight portion of the express route from Paris to the South also far from generally beautiful, I must particularize with regard to some specimens of the extraordinarily varied

beauty which is to be found in France. There is no general resemblance between characteristic portions of the Riviera, such as the views from the Point of Antibes or the view northwards from St. Tropez, and such scenery of Central France as that of the Valley of the Dordogne with its beech-woods. The Valley of the Doubs, again, has this much to be said for it, that it is singularly like our Wye, but prolonged through a much greater number of consecutive miles. If, however, we set altogether aside for a moment the tropics, and consider the scenery of the temperate regions as a whole, Europe, Northern Asia, and North America cannot vie with two chains of islands, the one of the northern temperate sphere, in which for beauty it reigns supreme, and the other of the southern temperate sphere, in which for beauty it shares the palm with parts of South America. New Zealand has in its great length from north to south beauties of most varied kinds. The views of the snowy Alps of the south island, with low glaciers seen through woods of tree fern; the fiords further south in the same island, grander than are those of Norway; the plains of the north island with their distant views of the isolated peaks, the coasts generally, more beautiful than those of any other island, make up a dream of loveliness. Between New Zealand and Japan, the other long chain of islands to which I refer, there is only that general similarity which comes from their being well-watered islands in the temperate zone, but the beauty of Japan does not yield even to that of New Zealand, although it is in a lesser degree the gift of nature and in a higher degree the creation of man. The Japanese did not make Fujisama, but they have constructed with their rice fields, and their trees of double blossom, and their temples, perfect foregrounds for our distant peeps of it; while the coasts of Japan, among islands, are second only to those of New Zealand itself.

Some of the noblest of the tropical islands fail in this point of coasts:—Sumatra, for example, which has magnificent scenery, and Java, which is not far behind it; but where the actual coasts, as coasts, and apart from the distant views of mountains in fine weather, are not, as a rule, good. The loveliest of tropical islands is Ceylon, not excluding the West Indies, although some vaunt Java because it is more difficult of access and because it smokes all its landscapes with volcanoes. Ceylon with its orange sands, its vivid greens, and perfectly shaped palms, and its purple ranges is the type of the fairyland landscape of the tropics. Another type of tropical landscape, where, to similar sands and palm trees, and purple distances, magnificent mountain scenery is superadded, is to be found on the western coast of South America—in the neighbourhood of Guatemala, and on the Mexican coast opposite to Mount Colima.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

#### TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES.

TO communicate messages by telegraph between two places unconnected by any wire wherewith to convey the electric current sounds almost a mythical achievement. Yet this has been possible, over short distances, for some years. There is no "new telegraphy," as some journalists would have us believe. The only telegraphy in the matter is the old telegraphy of dots and dashes. Neither is there anything new in the circumstance of dispensing with the metallic communication afforded by a line-wire. This only is new:—that by improvements in the details of known apparatus it is now possible thus to communicate over distances of miles where formerly the limit of range was to be measured only in as many bow-shots. Nor is this all that may yet be accomplished. The recently announced feat of telegraphing without wires across the Bristol Channel—a distance of nearly nine miles—seems a small affair when compared with some of the unrehearsed and unintended feats of electric transmission. It is barely ten years ago that one night, through an accident to Mr. Ferranti's electric lighting machinery at Deptford, the whole of the railway telegraphs over South London were for some hours completely disorganized by persistent and unauthorized signals, the stray currents being traced by their telegraphic effects not only into the Midland counties, but

even across the sea at Paris. If these things were possible once, and without pre-arrangement, it was obvious that by proper forethought and due expenditure of money on the requisite machinery a telegraph without wires might be established between London and Paris, or for that matter between any two places.

When telegraphy first became an established fact it was supposed that two wires were necessary for communication, one to carry the current on its outward journey, the other to serve as a return path, thus constituting together a closed metallic circuit. But more than half a century ago Steinheil of Munich discovered that the earth itself conducted sufficiently well to serve as a common return for any number of separate outgoing circuits; since which time telegraphy with single lines has been the universal rule.

For telegraphy without wires several methods are possible, but they may be grouped under three heads—namely, conduction through earth or water, magnetic induction, and true electric or electro-magnetic waves. The first of these it is which has been known for long. A good many years ago experimental communication was thus successfully tried between the Isle of Wight and the mainland across the Solent, without any connecting cable. Two stations were chosen some miles apart on each shore; and a line was erected along each shore, each line terminating at both ends in the sea. If now a message was transmitted along the Hampshire line, the current, instead of returning simply back through the earth, spread through earth and sea, a measurable fraction of it finding its way through sea to the submerged end of the Isle of Wight line, and along that line till it entered the sea again to complete its return course to the starting-point. To telegraph thus by conduction through sea-water needs, however, a sufficient length of coast as a base-line on both sides; and experience shows that the requisite minimum length of base-line is at least as great as the distance to be crossed. Hence this method is out of the question for communication to lighthouses like the Eddystone, though it has been successfully used by Mr. Preece to communicate with the Island of Mull during a temporary breakdown of the cable connecting that island to the mainland. Many instances might be given of similar communication by conduction through the soil or the sea. When telephones were used without single lines instead of proper metallic circuits there were continual interferences from stray noises, chiefly consequent on earth conduction and leakage from other lines.

The second method, that of magnetic induction, is scarcely applicable over so wide a range: yet it is possible under certain circumstances. In some experiments by the Postal authorities wires were laid out around two large square tracts of land in South Wales, each square constituting a separate closed circuit without any chance of leakage or earth conduction from one to the other. Yet signals made in one of the squares could be detected and read upon instruments in the other square, even though several hundred yards intervened between the two. In this case the magnetic "field" created by the currents in one circuit spread invisibly into the other circuit and induced corresponding currents therein.

The third method—that of electric waves—has lately received considerable public attention, though the discovery how to transmit electric waves and detect them at a distance was made by the late Professor Heinrich Hertz so far back as 1888. The waves are started by setting electric sparks to jump between a pair of metal balls attached to an apparatus called an oscillator or sender, which is simply a metallic conductor, divided at the middle to provide a spark-gap. Improved forms of the wave-emitter have been devised by Professor Righi of Bologna and by Professor Oliver Lodge of Liverpool, both of whom have laboured long and well in developing scientifically the path thus pioneered by Hertz. Detectors of many kinds have been used for picking up the Hertzian waves at a distance. Foremost of these is the form used by Lodge, which is simply a glass tube containing some iron filings or metallic dust, connected with a small battery and a sensitive receiving instrument. This arrangement depends upon the earlier discovery

by Branly that loose metal powders when exposed to electric waves change their properties temporarily, and from being almost perfect non-conductors become exceedingly good conductors of electric currents. Using such a detector Lodge was able, at the British Association meeting at Oxford in 1894, to show the transmission of signals by electric waves from the Museum to the adjacent building of the Clarendon Laboratory, through several intervening stone walls, the detector being in connexion with an electric bell or a sounder to make the signals audible. Still, no large-scale experiments were carried out, mainly because of the want of sympathy between the officials of the telegraph service and the scientific experimenters. In the summer of 1896 there came to England a young Italo-Hibernian, Signor Marconi, with a project for signalling by electric waves on a closely similar plan. He uses a Righi transmitter, and a modified Branly detector, consisting of very fine metallic particles enclosed in an exhausted glass tube of diminutive size. The detector is relayed on to a Morse telegraph sounder or writer, with sundry details of improvement, including a device originally suggested by Lodge for giving mechanical agitation to the detector after each time that it has operated. With this apparatus, and the powerful co-operation of the Post Office, Marconi succeeded on Salisbury Plain in sending signals across a space of two miles; and subsequently, when the apparatus was removed to the West country—from Penarth, near Cardiff, to Bream Down, near Weston-super-Mare, a distance of eight and three-quarter miles—Mr. Preece states that up to three miles the wave-method is not so successful as the conduction-method with a suitable base-line, but beyond that distance the wave-method has undoubtedly superiority.

On the occasion of the recent Royal Society Conversazione, Mr. Preece described Marconi's apparatus and exhibited it in operation; whilst in the Council Room Dr. Alexander Muirhead showed Lodge's apparatus operating for this occasion a Kelvin recorder, the transmitter (an ordinary Hertz-wave apparatus) being in another room some eighty feet away. It is doubtless a great stride in practical progress to be able to signal to a distance of nine miles; but this is far from the limit that can be reached with properly designed apparatus. We are yet only at the beginning of the practical research. These electric waves travel with the speed of light. They are in fact simply gigantic light-waves of an invisible kind. But unlike the ripples of ordinary light they are not stopped by fogs or trees or buildings. We all know what splendid service Mance's heliograph, or telegraph for flashing signals by the sun's rays, did at Ekowa sixteen years ago. But Mance's heliograph cannot work through fog or cloud, nor across a forest. The Hertz-wave telegraph is not obstructed by any such obstacle; and the expense of installing the sending and receiving apparatus is slight compared with the cost of a submarine cable. Hence a rapid development of its applications may be expected. It is but nine years since the discoveries of Hertz in this out-of-the-way region of abstract science put into our hands the means of creating electric waves. Hertz died all too soon to see the first-fruits of the germ which he planted. Now after nine years others enter in to reap the benefit of his discoveries, and to create financial schemes for exploiting the product of his brain. Let them not forget to acknowledge that the only real novelties in the whole thing are the Hertz wave and the Branly detector, both of which were given freely and unpatented to the world.

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

#### JUBILEE DECORATIONS.

I REMEMBER a few years ago setting out from the Riva degli Schiavoni one clear, cool morning in early spring, when sky and water were neither blue nor grey, but that indescribable tincture of either colour which Guardi has portrayed for us to admiration in not a few of his Venetian pieces—I remember passing the Lido and sailing leisurely out into the Adriatic by the Porto di Malamocco, till Venice appeared, with her domes and towers, like a fantastic coast-line above the

distant horizon. An hour before noon brought the German Emperor on board one of his training ships, a fine thing of sails and rigging, like a man-of-war in the early part of the century. When we left the city in the early morning there had been little unusual in the air; just the breath, perhaps, of some unwonted activity, a flush of excitement which rarely disturbs the languorous stillness of *calle* or *canale*: when we returned at the stern of his Majesty's fine ship all had been changed; the city had been transfigured, the entire Riva was one blaze of colour in the clear bright sunshine; a gay motley crowd thronged the quays, gaily coloured figures were at every window; and the vivacity and confusion of the scene was heightened by the brilliant convoy of the State gondolas which awaited the Emperor's approach, and by the booming of the guns which saluted him. The solemnity, indeed, infinitely became the city of the Lagoons. How the sudden transformation had been accomplished "hard is to say, harder to hit." Flags there certainly were in profusion, hung here, there, everywhere; carpets and hangings had been thrown out at the window; but these, after all, were like one of those little figures which, by a single touch of vermilion, Constable puts into one of his elaborately painted landscapes, giving value and vitality to his blue skies and green distances. Flags and hangings were but so many points of colour, which brought out the decorative beauty of the old Venetian waterside; and they made it impossible not to realize that Venice had been built by men who understood and enjoyed the ceremony of a public holiday. The whole city had been planned and built with an eye to such festivities; and when the day arrives, it is possible to give the entire town an unrivalled air of gaiety and holiday-making, without effort and without expense.

Perhaps at no time does the true character of modern London assert itself as in its preparations for a great public ceremony. For many weeks past enormous scaffolds and stands have been erecting for many miles on either side of some of our chief thoroughfares; tons upon tons of timber have been employed, armies of carpenters and decorators: of labour and expense there has been no stint, of enthusiasm no end. All that could bring such elaborate preparations to a successful issue would seem to have been in abundance, and yet they fail of any really decorative effect. True it is that, with the rarest exceptions, these decorations do not evince even the most elementary principles of taste. The prevailing notion of decorative colour is that of vast expanse of hot scarlet, or crude purple lake, relieved by a hotter and cruder chrome fringe. Occasionally, however, a less drastic colour-scheme—the grateful garlands of green paper that span the West End streets, for example—occur refreshingly to the eye. But for the most part chrome and lake carry the day. In one instance, and in one only, has any serious attempt at decoration been made by an artist of repute. We owe it to a fortunate accident, and not, we fear, to the good taste of the Governors, that the Bank of England has been ornamented by a painting by Mr. Legros, representing a colossal bronze of Britannia in a car drawn by two horses led by a *putto*. Beside the pedestal of yellow marble on which the bronze rests are two other figures of Industry and Commerce, in *terra verde*. The composition of this group is admirable; the treatment sculpturesque and decorative; the colour dignified and pleasing. Had London been another Florence, and Mr. Legros one of a score of painters equally possessed of the decorative faculty, then the trappings for the Jubilee of 1897 might have rivalled those triumphal arches and "glorious devices" which graced the entry of Leo X. into Florence, as Vasari describes them. London, however, is but London; and her Jubilee decorations of purple baize with its chrome edging, have only served to emphasize what an interminable and shapeless maze of formless streets she consists of. No one who has seen her in her adornments can avoid reflecting how entirely her builders were preoccupied with merely commercial or utilitarian considerations, to the exclusion of every finer interest. Without a single street and with only a single place—Trafalgar Square—of any architectural pretensions, modern London appears at the least attempt at decoration an inarticulate, chaotic net-

work of buildings. And so little store do we Londoners set upon good architecture, that where the last century has left us a dignified building, as in St. Martin's Church, we have no scruple about boxing it round with seats until it appears rather like the grand stand at a racecourse than any other object. Our Jubilee decorations give but a transitory expression to what our architecture gives a permanent expression. So used we are to put our shoulder to the wheel, that we have as much difficulty in taking a holiday at our ease, as in disguising, for a passing festivity, the real character of our city.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

#### THE NEW ANGLO-CHINESE CONVENTION.

THE New Anglo-Chinese Convention really forms one of a group of agreements by which the Governments concerned have been trying to reconcile and reduce to order their somewhat tangled interests in the region bordering on South-west China. It is well to remember, too, that those interests are traditional. French aspirations in Siam date from the reign of Louis XIV.; French activity in Annam and Tongking is an avowed effort to find compensation for the loss of India a century ago; and our annexation of Burmah was notoriously hastened by attempts to set up French influence at Mandalay. Repulsed on the West, our neighbours became increasingly active on the East. Annamese and Cambodian claims were disinterred in Eastern Siam; and Yunnan, if not also Szechuen and Kwangse, was coloured Tongkingese. This activity created a situation of some peril in 1894. The very fact of danger-point being reached, however, often leads to a solution being found. The efforts of Lord Salisbury and Baron de Courcel resulted, last year, in an agreement to protect the integrity of Central Siam. It was a large and reasonable agreement with which England may well be content. Whether the alleged attempts of French Consular Agents to create "interests" within the neutral sphere by registering Annamese, Laotian, Cambodian, and even Chinese residents as French subjects may be taken to indicate that France is less satisfied, remains to be proved.

We are concerned for the moment rather with agreements that tend to regulate Anglo-French rivalries in regions bordering more closely on Yunnan. The Anglo-Chinese Convention of 1894 disentangled and defined the interests of Burmah and China in the Shan States which paid tribute formerly to both. It was in this process of delimitation that we yielded to China the State of Kianghung, which lies astride the upper waters of the Meikong, on condition that it should not be handed over to a third Power. It was this Convention which China broke by giving France the district of Muang U in the following year. The Franco-Chinese Convention of June 1895, in which the cession was recorded also, gave France the right of establishing a Consul, and gave French merchants the right of residence, at Szumao, besides assuring to French industry certain privileges of railway and mining construction in the three southernmost Chinese provinces of Kwangtung, Kwangse and Yunnan. That was the reward exacted by M. Gérard for his country's share in repelling Japan from Liao-tung, and a Correspondent of the "Temps" (writing from Japan) described it as the knell of British prestige in the East. That it was a blow to that prestige there is no doubt, and it is hard to escape the impression that a more active diplomacy might have warded it off. China was too dispirited to resist alone, and it should have been our business to let it be known that she would be supported in upholding her engagement to us. Remonstrance was made, but it was made too late, and had little effect beyond irritating the French, and accentuating the Chinese surrender and our rebuff. The upshot may, however, tend to confirm a belief which French journalists have lately avowed in the "formidable consistency" of our foreign policy. We can scarcely hope to escape occasional checks; but we generally manage to emerge on the right side in the long run. The Convention which was ratified three weeks ago is our reply; and those who consider it inadequate will do well to compare the comments of the French press with their comments on the Franco-Chinese Convention of 1895.

I explained, in the "Saturday Review" of 26 January, 1896, a project of tapping Yunnan from Burmah by means of a line which will cross the Salwen at Kunlong and be prolonged up the valley of the Nantien to Shunning. The present Convention allows us to post a Consul at Shunning, whose duty it will doubtless be to report on the neighbourhood and on the region to be traversed. It also retrocedes Kokang, the State into which the railway will debouch on crossing the Salwen, and grants us administrative control over other territory which may become useful some day. China's promise to consider whether the conditions of trade justify the construction of railways in Yunnan is diplomatic vagueness. Left to herself China would "consider," no doubt, for a very long time indeed; but means may be found to hurry her to some definite conclusion, as the French appear to be hurrying her with regard to Kwangse. These concessions balance the surrender of Muang U and the French stipulations for railway communication between Tongking and Kwangse; while the right to station a British Consul, and to trade, at Szumao redresses the balance also in that respect. The clause opening the West River falls somewhat short of expectation, inasmuch as it admits us only as far as Wuchow, just within the borders of Kwangse, while British merchants in Hong Kong had been hoping (as I explained in the "Saturday" of 11 April, 1896) to obtain access to the frontier of Yunnan. We shall get further, no doubt, later on: the inhabitants of other towns are said, indeed, to be asking why Wuchow should be allowed opportunities from which they are debarred. Sir Claude MacDonald may be congratulated, in the meantime, on having obtained this instalment of what Tongking papers call "the cherished dream of the British in the Far East."

The Convention has been criticized because it does not resume Kianghung; it is feared, presumably, that China would again acquiesce if another Gérard insisted on annexing the rest of that State on the east of the Meikong. It has been remarked that, in the case of a region so mountainous as Yunnan, no one means of access can suffice. Two lines of approach—by way of Burmah, on the west, and by way of the great river which drains Southern China towards the east—have been already reviewed. A third project is to connect Szumao with Maulmein by means of a line traversing Siam—which would follow, presumably, the caravan road. That road crosses the Meikong at one of its bends, and enters Yunnan along the east bank. The interposition of a strip of French territory would practically defeat this project by interposing a French customs barrier. It would be beyond the scope of the present article to discuss the bearings of this proposition at length; but it may be permissible to express a hope that our diplomacy would be found forearmed, this time, if that danger arose. Whether Yunnan is worth the bother that has been made about it is a question that time must solve.

R. S. GUNDRY.

#### A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY—WHAT IS IT?

IN the "New Ireland Review"—a Dublin magazine not nearly as well known in England as it deserves to be—an extremely able and well-written paper by Mr. Synnott, a Catholic layman, recently protested in the name of Catholic laymen against the claims of the hierarchy to exercise complete control over the higher education of Catholics. It was answered, or rather jeered at, in the succeeding number by an ecclesiastic who unconsciously contributed some valuable materials to the solution of the question by exemplifying the true style and temper of a disputant brought up under the discipline which he would force on his lay co-religionists. Perhaps a few very plain and obvious remarks may not be amiss from a non-Catholic who is a member of Trinity College, Dublin, but who, in spite of his connexion with that hotbed of Protestant ascendancy, numbers Catholics among his best friends and covets them as fellow-students with his own sons.

As this is a perfectly plain statement of facts, like Polonius I will use no art, and begin with a phrase that invariably stares at me from the exordium of a student's exercise. "It cannot be denied but that" it would be far better for the Catholic laity if their bishops would

consent to make some arrangement whereby Catholic students could receive proper religious instruction in Trinity College, Dublin, instead of clamouring for a Catholic College or University. Such a College or University could not have in respect of secular instruction the same prestige as Trinity College, because they could not possibly deserve it, handicapped as they are in the race with Trinity College. We look for the best mathematician, the best classical scholar, the best chemist, anatomist, geologist we can find, no matter what his religion may be. They feel bound to add that he must be a Catholic, aye, and a *good* Catholic, which generally means uncorrupted by the "Protestant atmosphere" of Trinity College. It might happen that the really best man might fulfil that condition, but it might happen that the man fulfilling that condition should be second-rate or fifth-rate. No matter: better the fifth-rate good Catholic than the first-rate Protestant. This being so, it is absolutely certain that their staff all round would be inferior to that of Trinity College.

But the greatest obstacle to a united University is the fact that the Catholic bishops would insist on being given, or would manage to secure though not given, a predominant voice in the appointment of the teaching staff, and (what is far worse) a power of summary dismissal. We can never concede that in secular subjects anything but superior capacity should be taken into account, or that the right man may fairly be excluded if he belongs to the wrong religion. In Ireland a principle is put forward and acted on which in any really civilized community would be scoffed. An obviously superior and an obviously inferior man are candidates for the same appointment, say an examinership under the Board of Intermediate Education. The inferior is unblushingly appointed because the religion to which the superior belongs has already had its due share of appointments.

When once appointed a teacher's tenure ought to be absolutely secure. He must not be liable to dismissal except for offence judicially ascertained. Such an offence would be the tampering with the religion of any of his pupils; though this would not seem to be an offence in Oxford, if we are to take "Robert Elsmere" as truly presenting the "atmosphere" of that institution. It is because of our stubbornness on these points—our "invincible ignorance" as regards this subject—that the Catholic bishops do all they can to prevent Catholics from sending their sons to us. When Bishop O'Dwyer says that the concessions made under Fawcett's Bill are a sham he really gives ground for the opinion prevalent among bigoted Protestants that ecclesiastics of his Church are not careful to make their speech correspond every way to the reality of things. In what point have we not kept faith? Is not every place of honour and profit in Trinity College open to Catholics on perfectly equal terms? Only they must be won by brains, not by influence and nomination and patronage. Has any one ever attempted to tamper with the religious convictions of any student? Is any Catholic made to feel the smallest social inferiority? Is not the auditorship of the Historical Society—the most coveted distinction outside the Schools—held by a Catholic? And is not the same gentleman a member of the first eleven in cricket, an eleven which a few years ago had on it six Catholics? Fawcett's Bill was adopted in the interests of education, not of Protestantism.

If after the disestablishment of the Church the principles of religious equality are to be applied to education, we must (I suppose) choose between having our funds divided into three parts—for a Church of Ireland, a Catholic, and a Presbyterian University—or having one University in which the secular instruction shall be independent of religion. Now the funds available for University education will not bear subdivision. Every branch of knowledge is becoming specialized. Demands arise yearly for the creation of new Chairs. The strain on our resources is now very severe. If the funds available for higher education were to be thus divided, all would be wretched one-horse concerns not worthy of the name of University.

Archbishop Walsh complains that our "atmosphere" is Protestant. Whose fault is that? He does all he can to prevent young Catholics from coming to us. If

a young medical man looks for a dispensary, he will obtain no Catholic support if, being a Catholic, he bails from Trinity College, though no one denies that the medical school of Trinity College is far the best in Ireland. The Archbishop will not let his young men come to us, and then he sneers at us for having so few. We wish we had them all, and we think they would leave us better citizens and not worse Catholics. Would not Aristotle have had something to say about a man of Eretria who having murdered his father appealed to the pity of the jury on the ground that he was an orphan?

That it is absurd to take religion into account when choosing teachers of secular branches of knowledge seems almost axiomatic. But the Catholic hierarchy takes its opposite as an axiom. Not so the Protestants. Dr. Salmon, the present Provost of Trinity College, sent his son to learn classics from Dr. Brady, a highly distinguished Catholic student of Trinity College, now Assistant-Commissioner of Intermediate Education, and mathematics from Mr. Casey, a Catholic Fellow of the Royal University. He considers that he made an excellent choice of tutors, and he is convinced that his son's religion is none the worse for it.

We have no wish to make Trinity a godless College. Parents desire religious instruction for their children, and we are glad that they should have it. But we desire nothing for Protestants which we should deny to Catholics. If Catholic parents do not get religious instruction for their sons in Trinity College, it is not because we put any obstacle in the way, but because (as every one knows) no priest would get permission from his bishop to give it.

The cost of such instruction would be a mere *bagatelle*. The sum spent yearly on the religious instruction of our Church of Ireland (and Presbyterian) youth is quite insignificant—if we take into account only the non-theological students. It would not demand a large outlay to provide similar instruction for Catholics. However, we must remember the large endowments which they hold for religious instruction at Maynooth, many times more than we have for our Divinity School. Some describe it as a monstrous thing that we have a Divinity School at all. But how does a Catholic student suffer from the delivery of lectures which he is not invited to hear? Our students of theology do not wear any distinguishing garb, so his eye is no more offended than his ear. The reason why our School of Divinity is in Trinity College and the analogous Catholic School is in Maynooth is easily assigned. We, rightly or wrongly, like our clergy to be brought up with our laity; they like them to be kept apart. Our plan is much the cheaper. At Maynooth they must have distinct professors of Greek and Latin for the clergy. In Trinity College in such subjects the divinity students attend the same lectures as the rest, and thus get better (or at all events cheaper) instruction than if separate teachers were provided for themselves. We like our own methods best; but we do not force our Catholic countrymen to adopt them, or even to commend them. We think they ought to show the same liberal spirit towards us.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

#### THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

FOR many years the English people have taken the same interest and pride in the Handel Festival as they used at an earlier date to take in the Philharmonic Society. The two institutions have been regarded as sacred to English music, and peculiarly deserving of preservation on that account. The coming of Mott, Wood and Lamoureux, and the growing influence of the younger men who know how music should be criticized, have resulted in the utter destruction of any reputation the Philharmonic can be said to have possessed since Chorley, half a century since, said it had none. The Handel Festival remains. Now it is a very different affair from the Philharmonic Society. It is run boldly with a definite object; and if there are any profits, every one knows where they go and admits it to be just that they should go there. On the other hand, no one quite understands why the Philharmonic is run; the public has no means of knowing whether there are

any profits, nor, if there are any, where they go. Again, while the Philharmonic conductor can no longer be called our most distinguished musician—did I not myself slay him in these columns a few months ago?—and the Philharmonic does nothing well, the Handel Festival has a conductor who has earned the gratitude of musical England by doing many things well for many years. Nevertheless, those of us who have watched the official numbers of those who attend must realize that the public no longer takes quite the old interest in the Handel Festival; and whether it is to keep its high estate or fall to the level of the Philharmonic Society is becoming a serious question. I want it to continue—if only because the directors provide an excellent lunch and it pleases me to sit at table with a few able critics and a few who would be unknown to the public did I not advertise them at intervals by proving how little they understand of music or the art of writing about it. But the directors cannot be expected to organize a huge affair like the Handel Festival, merely to provide me with a lunch, unless the public supports them; and the public no longer supports them so cordially as it once did. It is all very well for some of my professional brethren to talk about all being right with the Handel Festival, incidentally insinuating that those who think all is not right love Handel less than they do; but all is not right, and there seem to me good enough reasons for the change in the public attitude towards it. To begin with, certain works, such as "Israel in Egypt" and "The Messiah," cannot possibly be given in the Crystal Palace as they can be given in, say, Queen's Hall. The solos can scarcely be heard in the distant corners; and the rapid choruses—"For unto us a child is born," "And He shall purify," and so on—cannot be taken at anything approaching the proper pace, first, because in that immense building the tones would get hopelessly muddled, second, because that immense chorus would itself get hopelessly muddled if Mr. Manns's beat were a trifle less clear than it is when the choruses are taken slowly. Certain parts of the "Messiah" and "Israel" are done excellently; certain parts are merely caricatured; and moreover the caricature is of a sort that can be appreciated by everybody who has heard either work sung as Mr. Manns would have it sung in a smaller hall. But worse than this is the fact that the whole atmosphere of the Festival is hatefully early Victorian. It seems less a musical than a religious function. People go there to experience all the emotions of a religious service without the inconveniences of a sermon and a collection. The clergy come in shoals and one breathes an overpowering odour of sanctity. People applaud "the devotional manner" in which Albani renders "Come unto me" or "Rejoice greatly." Mr. Lloyd's vigour—when he is vigorous—in "Thou shalt dash them" is regarded in the light of religious fervour; and he is encored accordingly. The audience wants, and gets, a touching break in the voice in "Behold, and see" and "He was despised," a wild uproar in "Why do the nations rage," and a beatific smile, as of an angel, on the face of the lady who sings "I know that my redeemer liveth." The consequence of all this is that good singing is at a discount while bad singing combined with prayerful feeling carries the day; and it is no exaggeration to say that the renderings of the principal solo numbers of the "Messiah" would be tolerated at no London concert of the first rank. Further, the majority of the audience being at least thirty years behind the times, and in taste utterly primitive, bad singing of the old-fashioned sort is distinctly preferred to good singing of the later fashion, apart from religious feeling; and when a popular soprano mounts with difficulty nearly to a high A flat, and lingers just beneath it for a matter of ninety seconds, the applause is indeed overwhelming. Popular basses go straight through their songs, throwing the accents recklessly on significant and insignificant words alike, for all the world as if the language was absolutely without meaning. Popular tenors warble sweet requests for their arms that against this Gorgias they may go; in strains of melting sweetness they request the principal bugler to sound an "alar-r-r-r-m" for "the brave and only brave" to follow "to the field again" where "justice with courage is worth [pre-

cisely] a thousand men." The day for these things is long since over: they make the Handel Festival ridiculous to the rising generation. The rising generation has been educated by Richter, Motti, Wood and Lamoureux; it has been to Bayreuth or learnt from Mr. Dolmetsch how the old-world music should be treated; it will not have music sacrificed on the altar of suburban religiosity; and it will not go to the Handel Festival. Hence the audiences grow smaller and smaller as the old-time supporters die off. Yet there is much worth going down to the Crystal Palace to hear. It is worth while listening to that glorious mass of richly coloured tone in "Zadock the Priest" and "The Mighty Power"; and if the Festival authorities would give more choruses of that build, and fewer songs, and have the fewer sung with more artistic conscience and less religion; if they would sweep away the old staggers who have served their turn and give the finer singers of the later order their chance—if, in a word, they would put to the finest uses the fine material they have at hand, the Handel Festival might not only survive, but actually become a more popular institution than ever. And Handel deserves his festival; for he is not only amongst the very greatest musicians, but is certainly the very greatest man who ever followed music as a profession. He could eat a dinner ordered for four; he stole half of "Israel"; and his reputation has survived thirty years of steady praise from Mr. Joseph Bennett.

Mr. Newman has of late given a host of concerts—a Paderewski recital and orchestral concert, two "Thanksgiving" concerts on Sunday last, and a kind of "go as you please" concert on Jubilee day. The "Thanksgiving" concert was rather a quaint affair. It began with Costa's vile arrangement of "God save the Queen"; and then we had Dr. Martin's Te Deum, hymns by Messrs. Cowen and Eaton Fanning, a psalm by Mr. Randegger, and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. I confess to having been led to Queen's Hall by a faint hope of seeing and hearing Mr. Newman read some prayers specially written for the occasion by, say, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Mr. Newman is just the kind of man who could persuade an archbishop to do it); but of this hope I was frustrated. So after the National Anthem we had Dr. Martin's piece; and in its way a very good piece it is—solid and what those who know no music call "musicianly," but alive and in parts expressive also, and always effective. It is a pity the same cannot be said of Messrs. Fanning's and Cowen's hymns, which are, by a very long way, the vulgarest results of the tide of flunkeyism that has recently swept over this land. In the race of vulgarity Mr. Cowen easily beat his rival, who indeed only tried to write down to the level of the Eton or Rugby schoolboy, while Mr. Cowen evidently thought rather of the music-hall and the church. Mr. Randegger's psalm is not, I believe, a new one; but, heard at a goodly distance, it was sufficient to keep me from the concert-room till all danger of hearing it more closely was past. Some one gave me to understand that Madame Fanny Moody sang her share of it excellently. But on the whole it is more interesting to leave these Jubilee concerts and to turn for a moment to the concerts given by Paderewski. The first, a piano recital, is already old-world history; and to all that has been written about it I need only add that Paderewski has in no wise improved in the last three or four years. In fact, while his playing of the Beethoven D minor sonata is precisely where it was, his playing of Chopin is very much less Chopinesque. Nevertheless, both his Chopin and Beethoven playing are immeasurably finer than what one gets from the average pianist; and in spite of the crowds of young and middle-aged ladies who come rather to see than to hear him, his recitals are always exhilarating enough to attract one. At the orchestral concert, conducted by Mr. Wood, Paderewski played a curious piece by that extraordinary creature Litoff. It is of course hopelessly old-fashioned, but full of gay spirits, and infinitely better stuff than most of the piano-music written during the past half-century by Litoff's rivals. The audience pretended to like it and applauded vociferously, possibly in the hope of getting an encore solo piece; but Paderewski very wisely took them literally and

made us hear Litoff right through again. The best thing in the concert, however, was not Paderewski's playing, but Mr. Wood's singularly fine interpretation of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. The audiences, both at the recital and the concert, were immense; and I hope Mr. Newman reaped a passable profit.

Although "Siegfried" was given on Monday night, with Jean de Reszke as principal man, it will be wiser to leave a discussion of it until next week, for one must hear a performance of the sort at least twice before anything like a judgment can be passed on it. Wednesday's big night at Covent Garden offered no special attractions, but rather the reverse, to a musical critic; and I understand the theatre was crammed to the ceiling with Royalties, Indians and others who know nothing of music and take no interest in it. The programme, chosen, I am informed, by the Prince of Wales, was a piece of vulgarity which could only be contrived in England. There are dozens of fine works, any one of which might have been given on what pretended to be a great state occasion—for instance, Gluck's "Orfeo" or "Iphigenia," Mozart's "Don Giovanni" or "Figaro," Beethoven's "Fidelio" or Weber's "Freischütz," or even, with Jean here to take the big parts, "Tristan" or "Siegfried" or "The Mastersingers." But none of these suited the taste of the Royal rulers of this land, so a hodge-podge programme, consisting of Act II. of "Tannhäuser," Act III. of "Romeo," and Act IV. of "The Huguenots," was drawn up. And then a great portion of the Press shouted for joy and told us of the mighty things the Royal Family had done for music! Of course many people try to explain a silly programme like Wednesday's by saying that the night was a social and not a musical one, or that the programme was chosen by official personages, and so on. I have noticed that whenever something not too creditable to the artistic taste of the Royal Family happens, it has been done by an official; but the first reason is a better one. It amounts to this: that society wants a vulgar hodge-podge, and the Royal Family has not the slightest hesitation in providing one. It would scarcely be fair to say that their taste is poor: the truth rather is that they have no taste whatever.

J. F. R.

#### LORENZACCIO.

"All Alive, oh!" A farce in three acts, by A. Bisson and A. Sylvaine. Strand Theatre, 16 June, 1897.  
"Lorenzaccio." A drama in five acts, by Alfred de Musset. Adapted for the stage by M. Armand d'Artois. Adelphi Theatre, 17 June, 1897.

WHAT was the Romantic movement? I don't know, though I was under its spell in my youth. All I can say is that it was a freak of the human imagination, which created an imaginary past, an imaginary heroism, an imaginary poetry out of what appears to those of us who are no longer in the vein for it as the show in a theatrical costumier's shop window. Everybody tells you that it began with somebody and ended with somebody else; but all its beginners were anticipated; and it is going on still. Byron's *Laras* and *Corsairs* look like the beginning of it to an elderly reader until he recollects "The Castle of Otranto"; yet "The Castle of Otranto" is not so romantic as *Otway's "Venice Preserved,"* which, again, is no more romantic than the tales of the knights errant beloved of *Don Quixote*. Romance is always, I think, a product of *ennui*, an attempt to escape from a condition in which real life appears empty, prosaic and boresome—therefore essentially a gentlemanly product. The man who has grappled with real life, flesh to flesh and spirit to spirit, has little patience with fools' parades. When Carlyle said to the emigrants, "Here and now is your America," he spoke as a realist to romanticists; and Ibsen was of the same mind when he finally decided that there is more tragedy in the next suburban villa than in a whole imaginary Italy of unauthentic Borgias. Indeed, in our present phase, romance has become the literary trade of imaginative weaklings who have neither the energy to gain experience of life nor the genius to divine it: wherefore I would have the State establish a public Department of Literature, which

should affix to every romance a brief *dossier* of the author. For example:—"The writer of this story has no ascertainable qualifications for dealing with the great personages and events of history. His mind is stored with fiction, and his imagination inflamed with alcohol. His books, full of splendid sins, in no respect reflect his life, as he is too timid not to be conventionally respectable, and has never fought a man or tempted a woman. He cannot box, fence, or ride, and is afraid to master the bicycle. He appears to be kept alive mainly by the care of his wife, a plain woman, much worn by looking after him and the children. He is unconscious that he has any duties as a citizen; and the Secretary of State for Literature has failed to extract from him any intelligible answer to a question as to the difference between an Urban Sanitary Authority and the Holy Roman Empire. The public are therefore warned to attach no practical importance to the feats of swordsmanship, the breakneck rides, the intrigues with Semiramis, Cleopatra and Catherine of Russia, and the cabinet councils of Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Richelieu and Napoleon, as described in his works; and he is hereby declared liable to quadruple assessment for School Board rates in consideration of his being the chief beneficiary, so far, by the efforts made in the name of popular education to make reading and writing coextensive with popular ignorance."

For all that, the land of dreams is a wonderful place; and the great Romancers who found the key of its gates were no Alnaschars. These artists, inspired neither by faith and beatitude, nor by strife and realization, were neither saints nor crusaders, but pure enchanters, who conjured up a region where existence touches you delicately to the very heart, and where mysteriously thrilling people, secretly known to you in dreams of your childhood, enact a life in which terrors are as fascinating as delights; so that ghosts and death, agony and sin, become, like love and victory, phases of an unaccountable ecstasy. Goethe bathed by moonlight in the Rhine to learn this white magic, and saturated even the criticism and didacticism of "Faust" with the strangest charm by means of it. Mozart was a most wonderful enchanter of this kind: he drove very clever men—Oublicheff, for example—clean out of their wits by his airs from heaven and blasts from hell in "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." From the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century Art went crazy in its search for spells and dreams; and many artists who, being neither Mozarts nor Goethes, had their minds burnt up instead of cleansed by "the sacred fire," yet could make that fire cast shadows that gave unreal figures a strange majesty, and phantom landscapes a "light that never was on sea or land." These phrases which I quote were then the commonplaces of critics' rhapsodies.

To-day, alas!—I mean thank goodness!—all this rhapsodizing makes people stare at me as at Rip Van Winkle. The lithographs of Delacroix, the ghostly tam-tam march in "Robert the Devil," the tinkle of the goat's bell in "Dinorah," the illustrations of Gustave Doré, mean nothing to the elect of this stern generation but an unintelligible refuse of bad drawing, barren, ugly orchestral tinkering, senseless and debased ambition. We have been led forth from the desert in which these mirages were always on the horizon to a land overflowing with reality and earnestness. But if I were to be stoned for it this afternoon by fervent Wagnerites and Ibsenites, I must declare that the mirages were once dear and beautiful, and that the whole Wagnerian criticism of them, however salutary (I have been myself one of its most ruthless practitioners), has all along been a pious dialectical fraud, because it applies the tests of realism and revelation to the arts of illusion and transfiguration. From the point of view of the Building Act the palaces built by Mr. Brock, the pyrotechnist, may be most pestilent frauds; but that only shows that Mr. Brock's point of view is not that of the Building Act, though it might be very necessary to deliberately force that criticism on his works if real architecture showed signs of being seduced by the charms of his coloured fires. It was just such an emergency that compelled Wagner to resort to the pious dialectical fraud against his old romanticist loves. Their enchantments

were such that their phantasms, which genius alone could sublimate from real life, became the models after which the journeyman artist worked and was taught to work, blinding him to nature and reality, from which alone his talent could gain nourishment and originality, and setting him to waste his life in outlining the shadows of shadows, with the result that Romanticism became, at second hand, the blight and dry rot of Art. Then all the earnest spirits, from Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites to Wagner and Ibsen, rose up and made war on it. Salvator Rosa, the romantic painter, went down before the preaching of Ruskin as Delacroix has gone down before the practice of John Maris, Von Uhde, and the "impressionists" and realists whose work led up to them. Meyerbeer was brutally squelched, and Berlioz put out of countenance, by the preaching and practice of Wagner. And after Ibsen—nay, even after the cup-and-saucer realists—we no longer care for Schiller; Victor Hugo, on his spurious, violently romantic side, only incommodes us; and the spirit of such a wayward masterpiece of Romanticism as Alfred de Musset's "Lorenzaccio" would miss fire with us altogether if we could bring ourselves to wade through the morass of pseudo-medieval Florentine chatter with which it begins.

De Musset, though a drunkard, with his mind always derelict in the sea of his imagination, yet had the sacred fire. "Lorenzaccio" is a reckless play, broken up into scores of scenes in the Shakespearean manner, but without Shakespeare's workmanlike eye to stage business and to cumulative dramatic effect; for half these scenes lead nowhere; and the most gaily trivial of them—that in which the two children fight—is placed in the fifth act, *after* the catastrophe, which takes place in the fourth. According to all the rules, the painter Tebaldeo must have been introduced to stab somebody later on, instead of merely to make Lorenzaccio feel like a cur; Filippo Strozzi is a Virginius-Lear wasted; the Marquise was plainly intended for something very fine in the seventeenth act, if the play ever got so far; and Lorenzaccio's swoon at the sight of a sword in the first act remains a mystery to the end of the play. False starts, dropped motives, no-thoroughfares, bewilder the expert in "construction" all through; but none the less the enchanter sustains his illusion: you are always in the Renaissance Italian city of the Romanticist imagination, a murderous but fascinating place; and the characters, spectral as they are, are yet as distinct and individual as Shakespeare's, some of them—Salviati, for instance—coming out with the rudest force in a mere mouthful of lines. Only, the force never becomes realism: the romantic atmosphere veils and transfigures everything: Lorenzaccio himself, though his speeches bite with the suddenest vivacity, never emerges from the mystic twilight of which he seems to be only a fantastic cloud, and no one questions the consistency of the feet stealing through nameless infamy and the head raised to the stars. In the Romantic school horror was naturally akin to sublimity.

In the Romantic school, too, there was nothing incongruous in the man's part being played by a woman, since the whole business was so subtly pervaded by sex instincts that a woman never came amiss to a romanticist. To him she was not a human being or a fellow-creature, but simply the incarnated divinity of sex. And I regret to add that women rather liked being worshipped on false pretences at first. In America they still do. So they play men's parts fitly enough in the Romantic school; and the contralto in trunk hose is almost a natural organic part of romantic opera. Consequently, the announcement that Sarah Bernhardt was to play Lorenzaccio was by no means incongruous and scandalous, as, for instance, a proposal on her part to play the Master Builder would have been. Twenty years ago, under the direction of a stage manager who really understood the work, she would probably have given us a memorable sensation with it. As it is—well, as it is, perhaps you had better go and judge for yourself. A stall will only cost you a guinea.

Perhaps I am a prejudiced critic of French acting, as it seems to me to be simply English acting fifty years out of date, always excepting the geniuses like Coquelin and Réjane, and the bold pioneers like Lugné-Poe and his company. The average Parisian actor was

quaint and interesting to me at first; and his peculiar mechanical cadence, which he learns as brainlessly as a costermonger learns his street cry, did not drive me mad as it does now. I have even wished that English actors were taught their alphabet as he is taught his. But I have worn off his novelty by this time; and I now perceive that he is quite the worst actor in the world. Every year Madame Bernhardt comes to us with a new play, in which she kills somebody with any weapon from a hairpin to a hatchet; intones a great deal of dialogue as a sample of what is called "the golden voice," to the great delight of our curates, who all produce more or less golden voices by exactly the same trick; goes through her well-knownfeat of tearing a passion to tatters at the end of the second or fourth act, according to the length of the piece; serves out a certain ration of the celebrated smile; and between whiles gets through any ordinary acting that may be necessary in a thoroughly businesslike and competent fashion. This routine constitutes a permanent exhibition, which is refurnished every year with fresh scenery, fresh dialogue, and a fresh author, whilst remaining itself invariable. Still, there are real parts in Madame Bernhardt's repertory which date from the days before the travelling show was opened; and she is far too clever a woman, and too well endowed with stage instinct, not to rise, in an off-handed, experimental sort of way, to the more obvious points in such an irresistible new part as Magda. So I had hopes, when I went to see "Lorenzaccio," that the fascination which, as Dona Sol, she once gave to "Hernani," might be revived by De Musset's romanticism. Those hopes did not last a minute after her first entry. When the retort "*Une insulte de prêtre doit se faire en latin*" was intoned on one note with Melissindian sweetness, like a sentimental motto out of a cracker, I concluded that we were to have no Lorenzaccio, and that poor De Musset's play was only a new pretext for the old exhibition. But that conclusion, though sound in the main, proved a little too sweeping. Certainly the Lorenzaccio of De Musset, the filthy wretch who is a demon and an angel, with his fierce, serpent-tongued repartees, his subtle blasphemies, his cynical levity playing over a passion of horror at the wickedness and cowardice of the world that tolerates him, is a conception which Madame Bernhardt has failed to gather from the text—if she has troubled herself to gather any original imaginative conception from it, which I cannot help doubting. But the scene of the stealing of the coat of mail, with its incorporated fragment of the earlier scene with the painter, was excellently played; and the murder scene was not a bad piece of acting of a heavy conventional kind, such as a good Shakespearean actor of the old school would turn on before killing Duncan or Desdemona, or in declaiming "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt!" I seriously suggest to Madame Bernhardt that she might do worse than attempt a round of Shakespearean heroes. Only, I beg her not to get M. Armand d'Artois to arrange Shakespeare's plays for the stage as he has so kindly arranged "Lorenzaccio."

The company supporting Madame Bernhardt is, as far as I can judge, up to standard requirements. They delivered De Musset's phrases in the usual French manner, so that the words "Alexandre de Médicis" rang through my head all night like "extra special" or "Tuppence a barskit." Only one actor succeeded in pronouncing "Strozzi" properly; and even he drew the line at Venturi, which became frankly French. And yet when Mr. Terriss, with British straightforwardness, makes the first syllable in Valclos rhyme to "hall," and pronounces "Contesse" like contest with the final *t* omitted, the British playgoer whispers that you would never hear a French actor doing such a thing. The truth is that if Mr. Terriss were to speak as we have often heard M. Mounet Sully speak, he would be removed to an asylum until he showed signs of returning humanity. As a rule, when an Englishman can act, he knows better than to waste that invaluable talent on the stage; so that in England an actor is mostly a man who cannot act well enough to be allowed to perform anywhere except in a theatre. In France, an actor is a man who has not common sense enough to behave

naturally. And that, I imagine, is just what the English actor was half a century ago.

"All Alive, oh" at the Strand (the name reminds me of "Alexandre de Médicis-is-is-is") is a piece of tomfoolery with which criticism on its high horse absolutely declines to concern itself. There are one or two funny notions in it, at which I confess to having laughed; and the acting is much better than the play. Mr. James Leigh's auctioneer is a capital piece of mimicry; and Mr. Compton Coutts makes a good deal of the solicitor who lost his memory immediately after passing his examination. Mr. Kinghorne and Mr. Fred. Thorne also do wonders; but Mr. Bourchier's part is beyond redemption: it is as much as he can do to prevent it from absolutely discrediting him.

G. B. S.

### MONEY MATTERS.

THE Jubilee has come and gone; but the "House" in Throgmorton Street seems almost as inert as the "House" at Westminster, and there is scarcely any business doing. The good traffic returns of the Home Railways have not had much effect on prices, which were already extraordinarily high; and Foreign stocks, although firm, have scarcely been dealt in at all. There have indeed been continued symptoms of a better tone in the American Market, and the fact that prices have tended in the same direction for more than two days consecutively has emboldened some financial prophets to declare that a "boom" is at hand. But we have heard the same thing before. Speculative dealings in this market are simply a "gamble," in which the outsider takes a hand at considerable disadvantage, and we imagine that no one nowadays would recommend American Railways as an investment. We prefer to pin our faith to the best securities in the South African Market, which show a further rise this week. Those of our readers who took our advice to buy Ferreira at 16, Crown Reefs at 9, and New Heliots at 7½ have already sufficient reason to congratulate themselves; but even now these shares are cheap at 20½, 11½ and 8½ respectively, and we predict a further rise.

The prospects of the leading Indian gold mines have somewhat improved. The splitting of both the Mysore and Champion Reef appears to have been successful. Mysore £1 shares, which in December were quoted at 8½, are now 5½, with a face value of 10s. each, and Champion Reefs are now quoted at 4½ for the 10s. shares. The dividend of the first-named Company for 1896 amounted to 100 per cent. The yield per month is now over 10,000 oz. with 90 stamps working. Sixty heavy stamps are shortly to be added, and the capacity of the cyanide plant is to be increased from 2,000 to 6,000 tons a month. In the case of Champion Reefs, the dividend last year amounted to 67½ per cent. with 140 stamps working; and the returns for the first five months of the year show an increase of 50 per cent. as compared with the corresponding period of 1896. In the Nundydroog Mine both the stamps and the cyanide plant will shortly be increased, while the returns for the end of May are considerably in increase of last year. For 1896 the dividend amounted to 32½ per cent. As to the Ooregum Mine, the reserves at the end of last year are given at 66,000 tons, while the dividends declared for 1896 were 30 per cent. on the Ordinary, and 40 per cent. on the Preference shares. The little Coromandel Mine has just entered the list of dividend-payers with 5 per cent. In proportion to its size, the prospects are stated to be exceptional.

The bulk of the contents of the "Board of Trade Journal" is this month as stale as ever, and the better part of the remainder is as fatuous as the responsible officials have taught us to expect. There are one or two features, however, which, in a measure, retrieve the whole mass from the charge of being utterly valueless. We have extracts from the reports of some American Consuls in this country bearing upon the question of "American competition on (sic) British markets." It would occupy a good half column of this paper simply to enumerate the articles of American

manufacture referred to in these reports as having gained a footing in the home market of this country. They include iron and steel, machinery, leather, cotton goods, boots and shoes, hardware and cutlery, bicycles, sewing machines, paper, wood manufactures, electrical supplies, and so forth. In another paper, based on a report of our Commercial Attaché at Berlin, it is stated that in March 1896 the length of light railways in the German Empire was 811 miles as compared with 238 miles in 1886, and details are given of nineteen new branch lines, involving an expenditure of £3,470,800, which the Government propose to add. From the same report we learn that the German output of coal last year was 85,639,000 tons, an increase of 6,470,000 tons on 1895. The text of the new French Sugar Law furnishes its own commentary upon the gospel according to Mr. Cobden, and those who are concerned with our silk trade should note that the United Kingdom last year took from Lyons and St. Etienne silk goods to the value of £5,042,400 (against £4,795,560 in 1895) out of a total export of £9,950,480.

We have already stated that the increase in the value of the country's trade this year, over which the optimistic ones have been uttering raptures, is represented by imports and by exports of foreign and Colonial merchandise, the exports of British and Irish goods during the five months showing a net decrease of £265,224. It is worth while looking somewhat closely into the details of the Board of Trade figures to see wherein the "gain" in imports lies. In wheat we have an increase of £2,166,000 as compared with the five months of last year; in wheat meal and flour £313,000; in bacon £607,000; in fresh beef £260,000; in hams £161,000; in butter £307,000; in eggs £158,000; in fish, cured or salted, £156,000; and in condensed milk £115,000. The principal decreases have been £1,430,000 in unrefined sugar, £716,000 in refined sugar, £263,000 in lard, £67,000 in potatoes, £200,000 in fresh mutton, though this at most has increased again during the last couple of months, and £86,100 in preserved meat. To be sure the blessings of Free-trade are inestimable; but it is equally certain that no other country in the world would allow foreigners to dump down on its shores ever-increasing quantities of wheat, bacon, beef, butter, eggs, and so forth, and pay nothing for the privilege.

With any increase in the imports of metals and raw materials for manufacture (flax excepted) we have no fault to find, because we have become essentially a manufacturing people, and must have the wherewithal to manufacture, else we die; and because upon our ability to progress in this direction rests our ability to pay foreigners for the articles of food which we cannot under existing circumstances produce ourselves. But being a manufacturing nation, it is scarcely to our advantage to purchase our manufactured goods from abroad. Last year we imported articles of this class to the value of £81,250,000, an increase of £5,650,000 on 1895, and £12,326,000 on 1894. For the five months ended May of this year values have run to £36,532,153, or an increase of £2,500,000 on the same period of last year, and of £5,900,000 on 1895. The man who can derive consolation from these figures is to be congratulated. Among all the groups enumerated, it is possible to find only eight which show a diminution as compared with last year, and of these, linen and woollen yarns, silk broad stuffs, and miscellaneous iron and steel goods are the only noteworthy items. And is it not anomalous in regard to these that we, the great producers, should this year have imported 6,370,216 lbs. of linen yarn, 6,878,696 lbs. of woollen yarn, and silk stuffs to the value of £4,540,464, and of iron and steel manufactures to the value of £1,500,000? Imports of cotton goods have gone up by £346,000; paper by £110,000; silk ribbons by £87,000; watches by £247,000 (total value £531,372); and woollen manufactures by £370,000. France is our chief source of supply for woollens; we have received from her 40,447,600 yards this year to date. It seems that, while we supply the world with woollens, we prefer to buy for our own use from France.

The unfair attitude of the "Times" towards bimetallism is notorious, and has been frequently exposed. For once it has thoroughly sold itself in its eagerness to make a point. A telegram from "our own (U.S.) Correspondent" in the "Times" of 5 June ascribed to the U.S. Secretary to the Treasury the statement—astounding in face of Mr. McKinley's well-known pledges and actions—that the Administration purposed setting to work immediately to "put the currency of the country on a sound and enduring gold basis." A leading article on the 8th gives prominence to the words. But Mr. Gage said nothing about gold. The word he used was "solid"; and the "Times" had to explain, on the 18th, in reply to Mr. Grenfell, that the word reached it in the telegram as "sold." This being manifestly nonsense, it conjectured "gold." Every one is entitled to an opinion, but no one is entitled to distort facts. It may seem to ordinary mortals that, instead of evolving such an important word out of its inner consciousness and proceeding to thunder on it askew, the "Times" would have done better to wire back to New York and find out what the sentence was. If it would take the trouble to learn what Mr. McKinley's programme really is, it might be better still.

The whole of the Mexican Six per Cent. bonds, amounting to 19½ millions, are open for redemption next year by the Government, and a conversion scheme is now being carried out. It is understood that the Government are in favour of the proposal for an increase of 20 per cent. all round in the railway rates, and that afterwards the Companies should have the benefit of the system which has proved so efficient in Argentina—namely, the readjustment of rates concurrently with and according to the rise and fall in the gold premium. The depreciation of the silver dollar has proved a great deterrent to railway and general industrial enterprise in the Republic, and the lightening of this must sooner or later improve the credit of Mexico.

Prospects of satisfactory investments in Mexican railways seem to be becoming recognized, the result having been a specially buoyant feeling in almost every security in this section. The earnings for the past five months show fair increases, while recent returns show no signs of falling off. Mexican National "A" Bonds, to which we referred last week, are still a strong market, while the Mexican Central Three per Cent. Income Bonds should prove a remunerative speculation at the present quotation. The full interest on these only requires an extra \$500,000, after the claims of the Four per Cent. Mortgage Bonds have been paid; so that the present price, which is about 21, should induce purchasers to hope for at least a return to last year's quotation of 26, when the returns and prospects of the line were not nearly so good as at present. Should the sliding-scale of rates be approved by the Government, this, with all other lines, will materially benefit by the change.

The official figures relating to the operations of Indian railways last year show that the gross earnings amounted to R. 253,660,000, or a decrease of R. 8,708,600 on 1895, and the net earnings to R. 131,683,550, or a decrease of R. 9,486,600. Having regard to the dislocation of trade occasioned by the plague, and more especially by the failure of crops and the famine, these unsatisfactory results are not surprising. In the number of passengers carried there was an increase of 7,750,000 (due in part presumably to the exodus from Bombay), the total being 161,000,000. The loss occurred in goods traffic, which fell away as to quantity by 18 per cent. and as to earnings by 6½ per cent. The net loss to the Government, after allowing for the guaranteed interest charges, works out at R. 23,800,000, as compared with R. 11,800,000 for the official year 1895-6. The total length of railway open on 31 March last was 20,390 miles, which gives an increase on the twelve months of 713 miles. The length of line at present under construction or sanctioned is 4,192 miles, which brings the total to 24,582 miles, as compared with 23,520 miles last year. It does not appear that the temporary set-back experienced

last year will have the effect of causing any serious modification of the programme mapped out recently—which is just as well, perhaps, because we believe the provision of railways in India cannot proceed too rapidly.

The Foreign Office has at last awakened to the danger threatened to our tin-plate trade by the growth of the American industry, on which it has just issued a special report. This is written by Mr. O'Beirne, Second Secretary to the British Embassy at Washington, and may be regarded as supplementary to the observations of the British Consul at Philadelphia to which we referred a fortnight ago. The quantity of tin and tin-plate consumed throughout the United States in the twelve months ended 30 June, 1896, has been estimated in a United States Government return at 692,000,000 lbs. Of this, 307,000,000 lbs. was of home manufacture; the rest was imported from South Wales. The average annual consumption for the four years ended 1890 was 650,000,000 lbs., so that there has been no great increase in the demand. But in 1890 nearly every foot of tin-plate used in America was made in this country; which means that we have lost nearly one-half of our trade in the space of six years. Mr. O'Beirne says there are now 180 mills working. Eleven more are being added, which will bring the aggregate to 191, with a "potential capacity" of 6,250,000 boxes, which is about equal to the country's consumption last year. Our own shipments to America are, of course, going down. Each successive month gives us a fresh record in low totals.

Japan does not seem to profit by shipping bounties. The law for the Encouragement of Navigation was to have revolutionized the commerce of the world, and to have made Japanese ships supreme in the Eastern as well as the Western seas. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha, which now possesses 65 steamers of 135,600 tons and has twelve new vessels now under construction, is said to have lost 100,000 yen on every voyage hitherto made to Europe and America, and is said further to have decided to stop running to these countries unless it receives a special grant of 3,390,000 yen to enable it to kill opposition. We give this rumour for what it is worth. But it is certain that the Japanese Government has issued special regulations which will have the effect of excluding nearly every Japanese steamer afloat from the benefit of the Act, and has allocated no more than 1,700,000 yen for the purpose of the bounty during the current fiscal year.

The report that some enterprising Americans are endeavouring to form a Cotton Trust need occasion no great degree of alarm over here. We of course are the largest consumers of "middling American," and if the commodity were to get into the hands of a "combine" we should not benefit. But in the first place we doubt the accuracy of the whole story. In the second place, we question if it would be possible to create a perpetual "corner" in cotton, which is grown principally for export; whereas the sugar and beef trusts have been enabled to flourish simply because the goods they control are consumed at home. We are not absolutely dependent upon American cotton, or the case might be different. The man who is said to be engineering the Cotton Trust is the secretary of the Sugar Trust. This gentleman, Searles by name, is interested in a new patented system of baling. What more natural than that the imaginative reporter should have rushed to the conclusion that Mr. Searles is endeavouring to do for cotton what cleverer men than himself have been enabled to do for sugar?

The Germans, says our Consul at Caracas, cannot be accused of ousting British merchants, "for the simple reason that Englishmen have paid very little attention to Venezuela and have never endeavoured to promote business relations with this Republic." The Germans, he adds, have attained their power in the country by steady perseverance, by assimilating themselves to native conditions, by acquiring a knowledge of the

language, and by the various other methods of which we have too often been told. If we are to accept the words of Acting Consul Andral, there is not a single British firm in the whole of Venezuela. In spite of our marked neglect of this market, we still enjoy a certain proportion of its inward trade. Thus British imports into La Guaira last year were valued at £17,405,000, and into Puerto Cabello £190,583. But these figures represent only a small percentage of the country's total trade, and it will be obvious to those who know the British Consul that the state of trade must be bad when one of them makes remarks such as those quoted above.

The progress of Hamburg as a shipping port constitutes one of the marvels of commerce. Last year the arrivals aggregated 6,445,000 tons, against 5,203,000 tons in 1890, and 3,704,000 tons in 1885, and the departures 6,300,000 tons, against 5,214,000 tons, in 1890; and 3,712,000 tons in 1885. English ships have not shared in these increases. Although our tonnage to-day is not far short of the German in the inward and outward trade of the port, it is going down, last year's total of British arrivals being 2,734,528 tons, against 2,822,363 tons in the preceding year, 2,943,405 tons in 1894, and 2,763,964 tons in 1893. At the end of last year Hamburg owned 673 vessels of 712,896 tons, of which about 500,000 tons are steam. There was a net increase to the mercantile marine of the port in 1896 of 32 ships of 52,812 tons, but at the present moment there are 28 vessels of 145,000 tons under construction in the United Kingdom for Hamburg owners.

Hangchow, one of the Chinese ports opened last year under the provisions of the Treaty of Simonoseki, is described by our Consul in his first report as bearing favourable comparison with any other city of the Celestial Empire. It is situated on the left bank of the Chien Tang river, 210 miles north-west of Shanghai. "Nearly the whole space inside the wall," says Mr. Sundius, "has been covered with buildings of a kind to be seen in few Chinese cities." It already enjoys a fairly large trade. Its silks are said to be of the very best quality, and it seems probable that relatively large quantities of them will before long be sent to the United Kingdom. Green tea is another commodity from which much is expected in the near future. Among imports there has already occurred a considerable increase in textiles. But here we are face to face with the old question of customs. At present piece goods brought in by way of Shanghai are sent inland from Hangchow under transit pass, which means that they pay half duty in addition to the ordinary import duty. Now that the port is an "open" one there is no reason why the piece goods *hongs* should not send their bales up in bond and pay one duty at Hangchow, where they have a perfect right to dispose of them without further exactions.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

#### THE EDISON AND SWAN UNITED ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED.

The issue is announced by this Company of £90,000 Four per Cent. Debenture Stock, making, with the £110,000 already issued, £200,000 out of a total amount of £350,000 authorized by a resolution of the Company in November last. The issue is partly for the purpose of redeeming the £100,000 Four and a Half per Cent. Debentures created in 1894, and partly in order to raise additional working capital. The new Debentures are redeemable, at the option of the Company, on six months' previous notice, at a premium of 10 per cent. The prospectus states that the profits of the Company were £25,876 in 1895, and £27,526 in 1896; and, as the interest on the £200,000 Debentures now issued amounts to only £8,000, and on the whole of the authorized Debenture Stock to £14,000, there seems an ample margin of security, and the issue will probably be readily subscribed.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

" MAX NOBISCUM ! "

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 June, 1897.

SIR,—Not to be held by Mr. Robert Buchanan in the darkest hatred and the deepest contempt, is a rare distinction for any writer. To be praised by him is surely a diploma of immortality. I do not think that David, had he been patted on the head by Goliath, could have felt more surprised, more pleased, than I feel, as I read in your current number Mr. Buchanan's graceful and kindly references to my poor slinging. So far as Mr. Buchanan praises my manner, I were not so churlish as to dissent from him; but I must confess that, when he falls back on his own views of criticism and its general value, I find his attitude more interesting than intelligible. When he says that "the judgments of Superior People are just as ephemeral and just as ridiculous as the judgments of the Mob," I can but suspect that Mr. Buchanan is trifling with us. Have the Superior People in this generation forgotten Keats? Does the Mob still worship Martin Tupper? It is all very well for Mr. Buchanan to say that he "was born in Fairyland." No doubt he was. But a man is not a horse because he was born in a stable, and Mr. Buchanan is not, I would submit, a Fairy. He is a mere mortal, like me, and cannot afford to ignore the plain facts of this prosaic world.—Yours obediently, MAX BEERBOHM.

## THE GODAVERY WORKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BANGALORE, 7 May, 1897.

SIR,—The Government of Madras have lately published "A History of the Godavery Works," giving an official account of the condition of that district and its population prior to the construction of these works, the reasons for undertaking them, and the results which have followed from adopting the measures advocated by Sir A. Cotton, R.E., for developing the industries of the population by a good system of irrigation and navigation. If you will be good enough to allow me, I will give a brief and succinct account of these works and their results, so that the people of England may learn how famines can be easily averted by good hydraulic works without any cost to the Empire. I will omit all controversial matters as much as possible, and confine myself to "facts and figures" as officially recorded.

The condition of the Godavery district is thus described (vol. i. p. 7):—"In 1832-33 a terrible famine ravaged the district, and the country had only partly recovered from the effects of this disaster when three unfavourable years—1835-36, 1836-37 and 1837-38—were followed by the calamities of 1838-39 and 1839-40, and the almost equally calamitous season of 1840-41.

"The decreasing population and dwindling revenue now forced the Government into action, and in 1843 it sent one of its ablest servants, (the late) Sir Henry Montgomery, to inquire into the causes of the rapid decline of the district and to advise as to remedial measures." When he sent in his report Sir A. Cotton was assigned the duty of projecting works on the lines he had so successfully carried out with regard to the Cauvery river, by which he had converted the Tanjore district into the garden of Southern India, when it had been almost ruined by the neglect of its rivers through sheer mismanagement. Into the details of Sir A. Cotton's project and recommendations it is unnecessary to enter at present; everything he proposed was entirely and cordially approved of by the Government of the day, and the works were sanctioned for construction in 1847.

The results of the Godavery Delta Works are thus summarized:—"Total capital expenditure, including all charges since 1847-48 to the end of 1893-94, amounts to R. 1,28,08,662. Clear surplus receipts to end of 1893-94, R. 2,84,88,684, or considerably more than the whole capital expended; and this, it must be remembered, is after having provided interest on the money spent, for such interest has been, and is still

being, charged at 4 per cent., year by year, against the Works, though it might have been extinguished long ago by means of a sinking fund raised from the surplus profits" (Vol. I. p. 153). Of course, with such a system of accounts it is utterly impossible to give true results, and nothing is easier than to show that the Works have actually repaid all costs at least four times over into the Treasury; but as long as the House of Commons allows Indian affairs to drift in any direction, the wretched practice of the Revenue Department will be continued.

In 1846-47, when the Works were commenced, the revenue collected, from all sources, with the utmost difficulty, and dependent entirely on the character of the seasons, was R. 22,19,098. In 1894-95 the revenue from all sources was R. 88,21,322, a fourfold increase; the water-rate levied being the cheapest in India, about one-third or one-fourth of the rate charged under Native Governments for common tank water dependent entirely on the character of the rainfall. It is a fact that the Godavery Delta water-rate was 20 per cent. less than is charged for tank water in the miserable district of Bellary by this wonderful Revenue Department. The imports are now ten times and the exports twenty times as great in value as they were before the Works were constructed (p. 155); and the district now imports gold at a premium when before it had to pay a premium of 25 per cent. for silver.

The population, which in 1842-43 was estimated at less than 600,000, and certainly was under 100 to the square mile, had increased to 2,011,982 by the Census of 1891, and averages, in the irrigated areas, about 550 to the square mile, and 150 to the square mile in the non-irrigated areas of the district. People live in the greatest security and prosperity, delivered from all fear of famines or scarcity by the knowledge that all crops can certainly be raised by means of the Anicut water, independently of the local rainfall and its variability (p. 157). The area irrigated on the Delta for first and second crop is over 700,000 acres, and is still increasing (p. 156).

The value of navigation in the canals can be estimated from the fact recorded by the collector of the district in 1888 (p. 70), that the failure of one lock in a main canal, for only four months in the year, "had reduced the trade of Coconnada (in 1886) by about thirty-one lacs of rupees," or nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Yet in the face of such a fact as this it is actually contended that through navigation has nothing whatever to do with irrigation, and that India should be provided with railways only, which cannot by any possibility save the crops when the rains fail. Besides, the railways have to be paid, out of the public funds, to convey produce to famine-stricken areas at twenty times the rate at which canals can not only do the work, but also save all the cultivation under them if only they are maintained and supplied from good reservoirs of water. Just compare these official facts for one moment with the state of affairs in the Bellary district, which has been furnished with railways running north and south, east and west, during the past twenty years; the population has decreased by some 30 per cent., the loss of revenue and ryots' capital since 1876 cannot be estimated at less than 600 lacs of rupees, exclusive of the cost of its railways (or over four times as much as the Godavery Works have cost from the commencement): and yet that district is now and has always remained in the same chaotic state of destitution as the Godavery was when Sir H. Montgomery made his report of it in 1844. With an abundant water supply in its magnificent river, the Tungabhadra, the Government will not allow Sir A. Cotton's principles to be adopted and carried out here, though the crops on a million acres of land can be easily supplied with water from that river, so as to secure them, at least, from the constant failure of the rains and to save the lives of the wretched population now living from hand to mouth in the most precarious condition possible.—I am, yours faithfully,

J. F. FISCHER, General, R.E.  
P.S.—It is as well to remember that in the Bellary district there are upwards of 400 miles of railway, which cannot have cost less than 400 lacs of rupees. If this is added to the loss of revenue and capital during the past twenty years, there has been a dead loss to

the country of not less than 1,000 lacs of rupees in that period, for the districts have made no advance in trade, industries, or population, and the revenue has never come up to what it was prior to the great famine of 1876-78. With these results before us we are still told to depend entirely on the railways, and the House of Commons, Micawber-like, allows matters to drift in any direction, in the hope that something will turn up to save them the trouble of thinking. Let us hope, then, that the revenues of England may soon be taxed to prevent the bankruptcy of India. To see how industries can be developed in India, we have only to look at the revenue of the Godaverry District at the present moment. One item may suffice. In 1853-54, the collection from stamps was R. 16,219 and in 1894-95 it was R. 5,17,198, or 3,000 per cent. increase in forty years, averaging 75 per cent. a year in an item which enters into every commercial transaction; and during all this time, with all its railways, every item of revenue has fallen off in the Bellary District, which has cost the Government several hundred lacs of rupees merely to preserve the lives of its wretched population in helpless poverty and destitution for a few more years, whilst the abundant supply of water in its splendid river is deliberately allowed to run to waste every year.

#### FRAUD AND CORRUPTION IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 DUDLEY PLACE, PADDINGTON, 13 June, 1897.

SIR,—Your correspondent "B. C. S." seems to regard as inevitable the foul atmosphere of fraud, bribery, and corruption which poisons the life-blood of the people of India. As a planter from a poor and congested province I have had exceptional opportunities of measuring the cruel pressure of the atmosphere surrounding everything connected with the *thánás* and law courts; and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the atmosphere of our tribunals ought to be purified by a proper system of ventilation.—Yours obediently,

DONALD N. REID.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read the two letters on "Police Corruption in India" with some interest. I think there is still more to be said for the defence. Neither Mr. Reid nor "B. C. S. (retired)" mentions what the pay of a constable is. They require him to be incorruptible and perfect on ten or at most fourteen shillings a month, and he has to support a wife and family. The head constable, I dare say, does not get more than double that, and even "B. C. S.'s" Peshkar not more than £60 a year. I wonder if all Mr. Reid's retainers, his peons and láttiáls, never oppress the weak and are above taking any douteurs. The Government must be perfectly aware that all the native lower officials are underpaid and almost must take bribes and presents to make a living. If there were a simpler form of administration more suited to a poor and simple people, less law and red tape, fewer judges and secretaries, &c., fewer officials, and those better paid, there would be more justice and less bribery.—Yours faithfully,

J. W. H. J.

#### MR. JUSTICE DAY AND HIS SENTENCES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 CREED LANE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C., 14 June, 1897.

SIR,—Your timely and valuable remarks in a recent issue of the "Saturday Review" on Mr. Justice Day and his sentences is well worthy the reputation of your journal, and it is devoutly hoped that the more humane spirit of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department will quickly remedy such an iniquitous anomaly as to sentence a child to eighteen months' hard labour in lieu of a flogging. Is it possible that Mr. Justice Day can know what eighteen months' hard labour means to a child of fourteen years of age? A recent writer in the "Daily Chronicle," speaking of a youthful prisoner under fourteen years of age, said:—"The child's face was like a white wedge of sheer terror. There was in his eyes the terror of a hunted animal. To a little child, whether he is in prison on remand

or after conviction is not a subtlety of social position he can comprehend. To him the horrible thing is to be there at all. Every child is confined to its cell for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four." These facts speak for themselves.

You conclude by expressing the hope that Sir W. M. Ridley will place Mr. Justice Day on the retired list with a pension. Would it not be more in common with the feelings of the readers of the "Saturday Review" and the public at large if the Home Secretary compelled this gentleman's retirement without the appendage of a pension?

One more word. Amid all the philanthropic suggestions for the well being of Her Majesty's subjects during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, we have heard nothing about a reduction of sentences for the more deserving prisoners in this country. There are doubtless many prisoners whose cases would bear some investigation, the result of which would be a reduction of a sentence or a possible release altogether. May I commend this suggestion to your notice?—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

R. A. EVERETT.

#### "AN OLD RETAINER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

EPWORTH, 12 June, 1897.

SIR,—Mr. H. A. Bryden, in his delightful sketch of "An Old Retainer," says he has never been able to explain satisfactorily the derivation of the word "molyerne," a local name for the heron. According to Halliwell, the name is properly applied to the female heron only, and should be spelt "molhern." The derivation, I think, is thus explained.—Yours, &c.

C. C. B.

#### WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES AND OUR CANADIAN FRONTIER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

NEW YORK CITY, U.S., 4 June, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—Your remark in the 22 May number of the "Saturday Review" that "It is well understood that England cannot afford to quarrel with the United States" because of "an open Canadian frontier" seems to have afforded no small degree of satisfaction to several New York journals which have commented on it. It is scarcely likely, however, to be enthusiastically endorsed by the people and Press on the other side of the frontier. During the wars of the Revolution in 1812 Canada was invaded several times; but she was able to beat the Americans back.

The Canadians now number five millions, and they believe that the Republic, with its cities filled with the human refuse of Ireland and Europe, its poverty-stricken Western and Southern sections seething with discontent, and its seaboard towns at the mercy of any British fleet, would not be more successful in any attempts it might make to conquer their country now than it was in the past, and that a war, instead of resulting in the annexation of Canada to the United States, would end in Canada absorbing Alaska.

Regarded from the highly moral standpoint of the British investor in American brewery shares and railroad stock, England decidedly cannot afford to quarrel with the United States, as war would afford the American people a long-wished-for excuse for repudiating their British indebtedness.

During the Venezuela excitement a patriotic son of Albion in this city, not knowing there was anything more important than an open Canadian frontier to discourage Englishmen from quarrelling with their "kin across the sea," wagered fifty dollars to ten that the British Government would not back down; but when a few days after one of the newspapers published a long list of names of British members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, ex-Cabinet Ministers and London newspaper proprietors who have money invested in American securities, he experienced the weary feeling which a few months after must have overcome those Englishmen who had thrown up their employment in this city in order to go to Canada to help to defend her open frontier.—Respectfully yours, JOSEPH BANISTER.

REVIEWS.  
A GENTLEWOMAN OF NEW ENGLAND.

"The Poems of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672). Together with her Prose Remains." Privately printed at New York. 1897.

SERIOUS American literature begins with a volume of poems, now of excessive rarity, which was published in London in 1650, under the title of "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America, or Several Poems by a Gentlewoman in those parts." The Gentlewoman was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the wife of that Simon Bradstreet who afterwards rose to be Governor of Massachusetts and the most venerable figure in the infant colony. Until 1867 very little was known about this interesting precursor of American poetry, but in that year there was discovered a small collection of her papers, in which she had noted down, with dates, a great many circumstances of her innocent and uneventful career. That she did not do more than this, and leave some diary or autobiography which should have enabled us to comprehend the mode of life of the first colonists, is to be regretted, but we are thankful for what we have. The early days of New England are so barren of literary relics that a singular interest attaches to verse, even if not of the first order, which was being written in Massachusetts at the very time when Milton was "shut up in deep retreats, the happy companion of Apollo" at Horton.

Anne Bradstreet was born in 1612, four years, therefore, after the birth of Milton and four more before the death of Shakespeare. It is conjectured that, as her father, Thomas Dudley, was steward to the Earl of Lincoln, she may have been brought up at Sempringham Castle. She tells us that she was a very pious child; but that at the age of fourteen her heart grew "more carnal and, sitting loose from God, vanity and the follies of youth took hold of her." She was recalled to seriousness of soul by being sorely smitten with the small-pox at sixteen. She recovered, and was almost immediately married to Simon Bradstreet. Two years later, in 1630, her father, her husband and herself joined Winthrop in his memorable emigration to New England on board the "Lady Arbella." The Bradstreets ultimately settled in North Andover, where the poetess, who never saw her native country again, died in 1672, Simon surviving till 1697. Most of Anne Bradstreet's verse appears to have been composed between 1630 and 1640, although she continued occasionally to indite until the very close of her life. She suffered from wretched health, and a great part of her personal poems is occupied with prayers that she may endure her distempers and praise that she has been relieved of them. The famous "Tenth Muse" volume of 1650 saw the light through the indiscretion of her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Woodbridge of Andover, who carried a rough copy of her MS. with him to London, and printed it without her permission and even against her will.

It is easy to see that Anne Bradstreet, with her eager poetic refinement, was not perfectly at home, at least at once, in her Puritan surroundings. In a precious sentence, which we would fain see enlarged to pages of detail, she gives us a glimpse of her state of mind. In 1630, she "came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced that it was the way of God I submitted to it and joined the church at Boston." It is not difficult to understand how irksome to a young woman of graceful tastes and no little natural gaiety must have been the stubborn gloom of early Colonial society, where to smile in church was to be in danger of banishment as a common vagabond, where to plead for toleration was to advocate "Satan's policy," and where aged Baptist ministers, for having in a private house expressed doubt as to the efficacy of infant baptism, could be publicly whipped with such severity as to endanger their lives. The world had never before seen, and let us fervently trust that it may never see again, such a loveless, morose society as was gathered around the Bay of Massachusetts. As Nathaniel Hawthorne says, "Let

us thank God for having given us such ancestors; but let each successive generation thank Him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages." Poor Anne Bradstreet, the Tenth Muse of New England, was doomed to live and die in their very midst.

The poems of Mrs. Bradstreet can only be appreciated if we understand her to have been brought in early youth under the influence of Sylvester's famous translation of Du Bartas. The great Calvinist poet of France had died in 1590, but his works were still highly popular throughout Protestant Europe, and if Anne Bradstreet delighted in them, so did her greater co-eval, Milton. Her transference to America, where no books of fancy existed, and where no copy of Shakespeare was to be seen for nearly a century, arrested her intellectual development. She went on writing, but she knew of no later models than Drayton and Sylvester, and in 1670 she was still repeating, as best she could, the fashions of 1620. One contemporary panegyrist calls her "a right Du Bartas girl." The genius of Du Bartas, which was fluent, robust, and sometimes magnificent, had not been held in check by any critical sense of proportion. He had been often grotesque and still more often flat. His enthusiastic English translator, Joshua Sylvester, was a worse writer than his original, but in the same class, and in the vast version which he produced with so much gusto the faults of Du Bartas are exaggerated. He began to translate the "Divine Weeks and Works" in 1591, but he did not cease to add, revise, and reprint until a little while before his death in 1618. It is not to be questioned that a copy of his enormous quarto was, next to her Bible, the most valued possession of the exiled-Gentlewoman of New England.

Those who turn to her poems, therefore, with an expectation of finding them like those of her English contemporaries, Herrick or Lovelace, or even Herbert, will be greatly disappointed. The lyrical note is not expressed, and the general tone of the verses is didactic and hortatory. Her principal production, "The Four Elements," runs to more than five thousand heroic verses, and yet is incomplete. There is some reason to believe that the rest of it disappeared when the home of the Bradstreets at Andover was burned down in 1666. We need not deplore it; few of us will ever read what remains. It is a direct imitation of Du Bartas, and consists, as we possess it, of four weighty monologues spoken by Fire, Air, Earth and Water. It has been said by one who would be witty that the driest of these was that of Water, but in point of fact there is nothing to choose between them. It has not, however, been (we believe) noted that evidence exists of Mrs. Bradstreet's acquaintance with a happier source of inspiration than Du Bartas. Near the end of her volume there is printed a poem called "Contemplations," which is much the best thing she has left us. The stanza in which it is written is that invented by Phineas Fletcher for use in his "Purple Island," and is employed, so far as is known, by no other poet of the time. Anne Bradstreet was totally without metrical initiative, and we may conjecture that she would not have adopted this rather odd measure unless she had read something in it which greatly pleased her. But our guess becomes a certainty when we observe how closely she contrives to follow the manner of Phineas Fletcher:—

"Who thinks not oft upon the fathers' ages,  
Their long descent, how nephews' sons they saw,  
The starry observations of those sages,  
• And how their precepts to their sons were law;  
How Adam sighed to see his progeny  
Clothed all in his black sinful livery,  
Who neither guilt nor yet the punishment could fly?; or, less quaintly, and with something of the grace of him who was the master of Phineas:—  
"While musing thus with contemplation fed,  
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
The sweet-tongu'd philomel perch'd o'er my head,  
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,  
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight  
I judged my hearing better than my sight,  
And wished me wings with her awhile to take my flight." In a very special sense Anne Bradstreet became the

founder of literary life in New England. Not merely was she the earliest American professional author, but in the persons of her children, all eight of whom grew to maturity, she was one of the fountain-heads of culture and refinement in the colony. Few women, in any country, can boast a more intellectual progeny, since among those who have directly descended from her are William Ellery Channing, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Richard Henry Dana, and Wendell Phillips, not to mention a multitude of less eminent men and women, who have served to keep the lamp of intelligence burning on those harsh shores of Massachusetts. The original editions of Anne Bradstreet's Works have become excessively rare, that of 1678, printed at Boston by John Foster, being a blue dahlia to those who collect Americana. The reprint of 1867, in which the new autobiographic matter first appeared, is cumbersome and costly. We have, therefore, to welcome the edition which lies before us, an exquisite specimen of typography and general "get-up." It is the second production of one of the active book societies of America, the Duodecimos. We have but one fault to find with it, and that is the silliness of attaching to a serious work of this kind a "fancy portrait" of the author, a slim, modern-looking maiden in a cap, sitting at a table with an expression as if butter would not melt in her mouth, and rolling great expressive eyes to the ceiling in search of inspiration. The real portraits, from contemporary paintings and prints, are very welcome.

#### VOLCANOES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"The Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain." By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S. With Seven Maps and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1897.

SOMEWHERE in the consciousness of every true Briton lies the deep-seated conviction that the present immunity of these islands from the more disturbing catastrophes of Nature is no cosmic accident, but a just tribute from unseen powers to the excellence of himself and his fellows. It is not without significance to the reflective mind, he feels, that only the benignant powers of Nature play on his sea-girted land. There is a smug complacency in his pity as he reads in a well-aired "Times" how a cyclone has ploughed a wide furrow across the States, overwhelming mushroom cities in its track, or that a heat-wave has cracked vessels in the restless brains of New York. Above all he finds discrimination in the fashion in which earthquakes limit their ravages or volcanoes their prophetic fires to the sunny, sinful shores of the Mediterranean or to distant heathen lands. The constructive imagination of the philosopher might, indeed, find a proper theme in the relation between the historical repose of British rocks and the assurance of Britons that their institutions, political systems and religious beliefs have a sacred character not even comparable with the random inventions of less favoured lands. Sir Archibald Geikie's learned volumes make the unusual physical conditions of Britain still more striking, for he shows that in all the past geological ages, the surface of Britain when it was above the ocean was scarred with volcanic pustules, and that intrusive lavas sometimes poured out below the surface of the sea, sometimes emerged from terrestrial volcanoes, and formed a great part of the solid material of our land.

The two handsome volumes form an important addition to geological knowledge, and even at the present rate of increase of scientific work they are likely to remain the standard work on volcanoes for some time to come. The author begins by describing the characters of volcanic rocks and the three main types of volcanoes, gigantic craters of the Vesuvian type, long fissure eruptions like the basalt districts of Antrim and scattered volcanic cones like the puyes of central France. With regard to the general theory of volcanic action he is more conservative and reticent than many older authors. At one time it was taught that the earth was a mass of molten material, skinned over by a thin crust of cooled rocks, and that voica-

nes were the simple result of movements of contraction squeezing out some of the molten material. Later on, it was recognized that the rigidity of the earth and the density of its interior were incompatible with a molten condition. It was then taught by several distinguished geologists, among whom Professor Judd was specially eminent, that volcanic eruptions were due to the passage downwards into the solid but extremely hot lower regions of the earth of quantities of surface water. The frequent position of great volcanoes along the margins of the oceans was considered a natural result of the greater chances of mains of water finding their way down into the heated underlying rocks. Sir Archibald Geikie shows that the extinct British volcanoes were most numerous at or near the coast-lines, but in general he is content to describe the actual nature of volcanic remains rather than to speculate as to their exact cause. By the aid of photographic reproductions of volcanic scenes and innumerable diagrams he shows how the intruding lavas sometimes issue by vents and spread superficially over the surface of the earth, or force their way in dykes and reefs that extend for great distances at all kinds of angles through sedimentary rocks, or interpolate themselves in sedimentary series and produce vast horizontal sheets. He is careful to guard his readers against the rapid conclusion of the smatterer that every cone-like hill is an extinct volcano. Especially in the case of the older vents, denudation has removed many of their most striking features from volcanic cones, and in an almost equal number of cases denudation has shaped non-volcanic rocks into crater-like peaks. The greater part of the rich champaign of Southern Devonshire with its quiet fertile valleys and undulating tree-clad ridges is singularly unlike what one imagines to be volcanic scenery. "Yet we have only to descend into one of the deep lanes to find the crumbling lavas and ashes of the old eruptions. The landscape has in truth been carved out of these old volcanic rocks, and their decomposition has furnished the rich loam that nourishes so luxuriant a vegetation." On the other hand, in the rich valleys of central Scotland the general surface of the country follows the contours of the old sedimentary carboniferous rocks; but all the eminences, crowned with feudal towers or modern monuments and looking like craggy islands rising from the bed of an ancient lake, are the remnants of volcanic cones.

The greater portion of the two volumes is occupied with an orderly account of the volcanic remains of different geological ages. From this general survey a number of broad conclusions may be drawn. First among these is the persistence of volcanic activity in Britain throughout the vast period of geological time. Evidence is brought forward in these volumes that "from the primeval time, vaguely termed Archean, onward to that of the older tertiary clays and sands of the south-east of England, this long strip of territory continued to be intermittently a theatre of volcanic action." Moreover, throughout this lapse of time the successive eruptions appeared practically in the same areas, these areas being almost invariably in regions of depression, as if marking lines of weakness in the crust of the earth, and not, as the neophyte would be disposed to expect, along the mountain ridges. The volcanic eruptions have been most frequent along parts of the surface of the earth that have been sinking and not rising.

Sir Archibald Geikie does not attempt prophecy as to possible recurrence of volcanic action in Britain. But he shows clearly that eruptions have formed a regular and repeated agency in the geological history of the earth, and that the longer a period of quiescence has lasted the less certain is the continuance of such a peaceful phase.

#### CONCERNING TEA.

"Tea: a Text-book of Tea Planting and Manufacture." By David Crale. Illustrated. London: Crosby Lockwood. 1897.

THE most striking feature of the tea trade during recent years has been the steady displacement of the Chinese by the Indian and Cingalese varieties. In

1879 our imports from China amounted to 126,340,000 lbs., and from India 34,092,000 lbs., making a total of 160,432,000 lbs. Last year the figure was 227,785,500 lbs., and of this 122,941,098 lbs. came from India, 80,249,475 lbs. from Ceylon (which did not commence to export until 1883), and 24,549,936 lbs. from China. Being a true-born Briton, and having been connected with a plantation in Assam, the author of this book has a very fine and healthy British prejudice against China tea. He calls the Chinese plant—at least that introduced into Assam—a poor shrub, obtained originally from India; he is never tired of repeating that Indian tea is superior intrinsically and in the mode by which it is prepared for market. He says, what is probably true, that “no charge of the admixture of any dye or other and more repulsive impurities could ever be cast upon British-grown teas”; and he quotes (p. 42) a Customs statement that one pound weight of Indian tea will yield  $7\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of liquid, while one pound of Chinese tea yields only 5 gallons of a comparatively poor liquid, without adding that this statement was made a good many years ago, and had reference to a state of things that no longer obtains. However, we hold no brief for China in this matter. It is undoubtedly that the once extensive practice of vile adulteration did much to prejudice British and Colonial consumers, who are amongst the largest consumers in the world, against China tea, and that the excellent quality and purity and the greater cheapness of British-grown tea did the rest. Mr. Crale looks confidently for the complete exclusion of China tea from British markets. We are less confident; but, at least, there is no possibility of this variety ever again taking precedence in this country. As we ourselves have derived much direct as well as indirect advantage, and as the result of the British preference has led to the virtual creation of a most important source of wealth to India and Ceylon, we see no reason to wish for the rehabilitation of China tea, and so long as the Chinese persist in their old-fashioned and dirty methods of preparation we see no reason to fear it.

The better part of Mr. Crale's book is devoted to the practical questions of tea cultivation and manufacture, upon which he can speak with all the confidence and knowledge begotten of half a century's experience; and therefore it should prove of great value to young planters, who cannot complain of any plethora of practical guides to their avocation. He has a thorough belief in the future of Assam, which bids fair to justify his belief. The area under tea in India in 1893-94 was 423,206 acres, of which 268,996 acres were in Assam, as compared with 89,300 acres in 1875-76; 122,751 acres in Bengal, as compared with 23,162 acres; and the rest in Madras, the Punjab, and the North-West Provinces. The yield in 1893-94 was 130,000,000 lbs., against 26,526,317 lbs. in 1875-76. Last year's yield is estimated at 146,000,000 lbs. These figures are exclusive of Ceylon, which in 1896 had about 320,000 acres under tea, with an export of 96,000,000 lbs., against an acreage of 150,000 and an export of 7,849,888 lbs. in 1886. It is interesting to note that these British-grown teas are gaining a hold on markets other than those of the United Kingdom. In 1890 these other markets consumed 14,000,000 lbs. In 1894 the figure stood at 28,000,000 lbs., and last year at 42,300,000 lbs. If we are to credit the statement of one of the leading authorities, British-grown teas will this year provide for fully one-half of the total consumption of the world, the producing countries excepted. Among these latter are to be reckoned—in addition to China, which has no statistics of acreage to offer—Java, Japan (which supplies the United States with more than one-third of its annual imports), Tonquin, and a few other foreign countries, and, among British dependencies, Burma, the Andaman Islands, the Straits Settlements, Fiji and Natal, to say nothing of the twelve acres of which Jamaica can boast.

A point which will always tell in favour of British-grown teas, as against the Chinese variety, is that they are manufactured by clear mechanical processes instead of by hand, and the employment of many objectionable—even filthy—processes, as in the Flowery Land. It inspires some sort of confidence, however, to know that the wholesale adulteration once so common in China

teas is no longer tolerated here or in America, which ranks as the second largest consumer, and that the Celestials have themselves partially recognized the injury which these adulterations worked to their trade. But that they have not completely abandoned their old tricks is proved by the fact that our own Customs authorities find it necessary to reject consignments now and again for heavy “facings,” and that the American Customs not long ago rejected a shipload. But there has certainly been an improvement since the days when plumbago was used to impart a smooth and glossy appearance; when Prussian blue, turmeric, China clay, indigo and gypsum were judiciously mixed to produce the different shades of blue or green required; when “lie tea”—made up of tea-dust and sand, with starch and colouring matter to form it into small masses and to make it resemble genuine Gunpowder—was consumed in this country to the extent of a million pounds a year; and when sloe, liquorice, chapparal (specially imported into China from California), and ash-tree leaves, with 40 per cent. of iron filings, constituted a respectable proportion of every pound one purchased. If the Chinese would but organize their tea industry, import modern machinery, and cease their pranks, they might hope to retrieve their position to some extent. The first they can scarcely do; they have no fancy for machinery; and we are afraid the sad lesson of the past twenty years has not been properly learned and profited by.

#### A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY AMATEUR.

“The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.” By One of His Descendants. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

THIS book is full of ‘good things’—what matter that antiquity and not the author is responsible for them? Besides it is no mean gift to be able to quote well, and the descendant of Sir Kenelm only lacks the roguery which supplements the gift in less honest quoters. They say the good thing, and say it is their own too.

Sir Kenelm Digby's story is told in the present volume mainly through extracts from his own memoirs and from chronicles of his time. His descendant refrains from criticism, and plays the part of interpreter rather than biographer. His three hundred pages stamp his ancestor as prince of dabblers. He dabbled in philosophy, which at that time meant necromancy and astrology, he played with politics, he knew something of diplomacy and enough of theology to fence with both Protestant and Catholic learning. Once he played the privateer and won a naval battle at Scanderoon, which would have made more noise if his country had had ears for anything at the time besides the blare of Royal trumpets and the drums of Parliamentary attack. He is not attractive, this personage with his Pliny-like capacity for lying, his overweening vanity and his shiftiness of purpose; but he is not a bore, and as his descendant and biographer is not a bore either, it is possible to get a vast deal of entertainment out of the history of his ineffectual life.

Kenelm Digby was the son of the chief organizer of the Gunpowder Plot, Sir Everard Digby, whose fame has been completely eclipsed by the vulgar reputation of Guy Faux, his tool. Kenelm never embraced the Roman Catholic religion with any heartiness, and was too discreet to end his days on the block at Tower Hill. He accompanied his cousin, Robert Digby, Earl of Bristol, on a Spanish mission concerning the marriage between Charles I. and the Infanta, and gained the princely favour in spite of the enmity of Buckingham to all the Digbys. Charles, however, could not stir up a loyal devotion in Kenelm's heart. After the King's execution he intrigued with Cromwell, and this while he held the office of Chamberlain to Henrietta Maria! Once he wrote of Charles that he did “not only dedicate his ordinary attendance to him but also his heart, and all the faculties of his soul”; and then of Cromwell, “I should think my heart were not an honest one if the blood about it were not warmed with any the least imputation upon my respects and duty to his highness.”

Sir Kenelm's "Memoirs" as quoted in this book are bombastic, and oftener false than true. His love for his wife, Venetia Stanley, strikes us as a pose, just as his loyalty, his learning, his fighting and his superstition were poses. This same Venetia was the lady whose charms Ben Jonson made the theme of many a poem. Sir Kenelm's descendant enters the lists on behalf of her virtue, a tedious championing we could well spare. Venetia was beautiful; she died of consumption when only thirty-three. The pathos and dignity of her history are enough to charm without laborious assurances that she was not frail. Ben Jonson's gruesome lines on her burial are the only things connected with her name which do not bring a fragrance with them. Rare Ben, by the way, hymned Sir Kenelm as well as his Venetia :

"His heart is a brave palace, a broad street,  
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet,  
Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en  
As other souls to his, dwell in a lane."

The "street" is curious rather than broad, but it is well worth exploring, and the reproductions of portraits by Vandyck make the "Life of Sir Kenelm Digby" additionally attractive to the reader.

#### HOW TO RUN A COAL MINE.

"Colliery Working and Management." By H. F. Bulman and R. A. S. Redmayne. London: Crosby Lockwood. 1896.

THIS is not a book for the railway carriage, nor, indeed, for the general reader; but a valuable one to all whom it may concern. It is primarily addressed to mine managers, a section of the industrial community which the authors allege has been unwarrantably neglected. There is a colliery literature, but the works hitherto published concern themselves chiefly with matters of engineering and machinery. Messrs. Bulman and Redmayne have much to say on those subjects too; but their main purpose is to discuss questions affecting labour, cost and manner of working, and general management. Their treatment of their subject is exhaustive. It begins with a reference to Theophrastus's treatise "On Stones," wherein are mentioned fossil substances "called coals, which kindle and burn like wood coals" (the date of this composition is about B.C. 371); and it ends with a reproduction of the Coal Mines Regulation Act and the Truck Act of 1896; and as the authors went to press last September, their book has certainly the merit of being up to date.

The early history of coal-mining in England is full of curious interest. The enormous collieries of to-day, with their complicated working and machinery, are a growth of the present century. In the twelfth century grants of land used to be made for the purpose of finding coal, the grantee being usually the village smith, who must have dug out the mineral in much the same way as to-day men may be seen digging gravel out of pits on common and waste lands. But by the fourteenth century the industry had advanced, regular mines, with shafts and adits, being sunk. The coal was brought to the surface by the aid of a jack-roll or common winch, and sometimes by the yet more primitive method of haulage up ladders on the backs of men and women. The mines at that time were, of course, shallow, the depth of the workings being limited, as a rule, by the level at which free outlet for the water could be obtained through "day-drifts." The limitations of this system created, in the seventeenth century, an apprehension that the coal supply would soon give out; and the apprehension would probably long ere this have been justified had not science come to the coal-getter's aid. In the eighteenth century the revolution was effected. It came with Thomas Newcomen's invention (in 1710) of the atmospheric engine. This made possible, and brought into practice, the sinking of deeper shafts and the working of more extensive underground areas; these in turn brought about the era of big explosions, and the colliery population became acquainted with the tragedy of "fiery" mines. Concerning all these matters and the improvements which have been effected in working, and the attempts which have been made to reduce the peril to miners' lives, Messrs.

Bulman and Redmayne speak at length and with knowledge. From matters of engineering they proceed to political economy and the eternal Wages question. They give tables of wages in Northumberland and Durham in 1833 and 1895, showing a considerably higher range for the latter year; the net result being that "wages are now on an average at least 50 per cent. higher than they were sixty years ago, and the hours worked daily quite 20 per cent. less." In addition, the authors point to the increased purchasing power of wages to-day as evidence that colliers are very much better off than they used to be. This is doubtless true enough in the main, though (pace Mr. Sauerbeck's tables and Professor Marshall's panegyrics) it has not been all gain: there are many compensating items—uncertainty of employment, certainty of increasing rent, &c.—to balance the good that has been effected. And the pitman needs good wages and short hours; for in the conditions of his employment he has to pay heavily enough for his monetary advantages over the agricultural labouring class, from which he is usually drawn. Moreover, his masters "make"; they are, indeed, just now the only class of industrial proprietors who can amass big fortunes rapidly.

Into the technical details of colliery working and management we do not propose to follow the authors. Such matters are exclusively for practical experts, to whom we heartily commend the volume.

#### A FORGOTTEN POET.

"Nepenthe: a Poem in two Cantos." By George Darley. With an Introduction by R. A. Streatfeild. London: Elkin Mathews. 1897.

FEW poets of equal merit have had so hard a fate both while he lived and posthumously as George Darley. Wayward, morose and cynical, he was not a man to make friends or conciliate critics, and so when he died in 1846 there was no one to do him reverence or undertake the pious care of seeing that justice was done him where justice is wont to be done to poets. Yet Tennyson and Sir Henry Taylor had the highest opinion of his genius, and it is notorious that the late Lord Houghton intended to do for Darley what he did for Keats, to collect and edit his poems, and to write a memoir of him. But Lord Houghton died, and neither the edition nor memoir appeared. Mr. Streatfeild has earned the gratitude of all lovers of good poetry by this edition of Darley's "Nepenthe," a poem which was printed for private circulation in 1839, and is now so rare as to be almost unique. If this venture be successful, it is, we hear, Mr. Streatfeild's intention to collect and edit Darley's other poems—namely, his "Errors of Ecstasie," his pastoral play "Sylvia," his two historical plays "Thomas A' Becket" and "Ethelstan," and other pieces scattered through various miscellanies and magazines. We heartily wish him all success. Darley's poems most certainly ought to be collected and republished. No one can open even the volume before us—for the reappearance of which we have to thank Mr. Streatfeild—without being struck with the wealth of imagination and fancy and with the true poetical quality of what meets us at every page. We quote almost at random. Take the following on the fall of night :

"Twilight now o'er lawn and dale  
Draws her dew-enwoven veil,  
Tender-bosomed flowers to keep  
Unruffled in their balmy sleep;  
Her's from planet fair and star  
Day's last blushing Hour doth steal,  
Those bright rivals to reveal,  
And the Queen Moon their non-pareil,  
Rolling between her noiseless car,  
Where in heaven-wide race they reel,  
Light splinters from each glassy wheel.  
Small birds now thro' leafy shed  
Rustling haste to bower and bed."

How exquisite is this :

"Thou whose thrilling hand in mine  
Makes it tremble as unbid,  
Whose dove-drooping eyes divine  
Curtain Love beneath their lid.

Fairest Anthea ! thou whose grace  
Leads me enchantedly along  
Till the sweet windings that we trace  
Seem like the image of a song !"

We repeat that we have taken these extracts almost at random, and that they do not represent the many exquisite gems to be found in the poem. We hope, therefore, not merely for the purpose of doing Darley the justice which is due to him, but for the sake of all who can appreciate true poetry, that Mr. Streatfeild may be encouraged to supply, what Lord Houghton was prevented by death from supplying, a complete edition of Darley's poetical works.

#### ENGLISH HISTORY "PRINTED IN FRANCE."

"Queen Elizabeth." By Mandell Creighton, D.D.,  
Lord Bishop of London. Paris and London :  
Boussod, Valadon. 1897.

**I**N spite of beautiful paper, wide margins and fine, clear though obviously French type, this is not an entirely satisfactory book. The Bishop of London, as he is now, but of Peterborough when the book was printed, very modestly admits in the preface that the "chief merit of the volume lies in the attempt to bring together the most remarkable portraits of Elizabeth and her contemporaries, and to put before the readers careful reproductions of artistic sources of information which have hitherto been little known." The book indeed was evidently suggested by the pictures and has been written round them. Now of all ways of producing a book this is the most objectionable, and it is almost a pity that a historian of the Bishop of London's undoubtedly eminent and learning should have consented to write a work upon his special subject hampered by the limitations which are attached to such a production as this. The author has probably fulfilled the task as well as, or better than, any of his contemporaries could have done; but the task was not worth doing by him. In the two hundred pages—about eighty thousand words—at his disposal he had not sufficient space to produce such a history of the great reign of Elizabeth as he is quite capable of writing. All he could do was to write a mere sketch from well-worn materials.

It is true that some of the pictures, and especially the miniatures, are exquisite examples of artistic "process" reproduction; but they are chosen without the slightest apparent attempt at really illustrating the reign. Their distribution in the text, moreover, is most capricious. For instance, the beautiful little miniature of Lady Jane Grey heads the chapter on the Alençon match, and the Amsterdam portrait of the Duke of Alva is quite at the end of the book. Not the most distant reference to the pictures is made in the letterpress, and in this perhaps the Bishop has best consulted his own dignity; but the result of the process is that the pictures are not really illustrative of the book at all. Suppose, for a moment, that the process had been reversed; what a really magnificent volume would have been the result! If the Bishop had first written a worthy history of Elizabeth, and then the publishers had set about judiciously and liberally illustrating the text by the reproduction of contemporary pictures, a book would have resulted which would have been a delight for ever. The Tudor Exhibition proved the vast wealth of material that exists for such a work, and it is a thousand pities that the opportunity has not been taken for producing it.

It is almost superfluous to say that Dr. Creighton writes with dignity, lucidity and grace; and his appreciations of the personal character of the Queen are penetrating and wise; but somehow he never seems to grasp the great international problems with which she had to deal. It is impossible adequately to judge either of Elizabeth's aims or actions without bringing into our purview those of Catherine de' Medici, Philip II., the Prince of Orange, and Henry IV., especially the two former; and this is just the point on which the Bishop is weak. Where he is strong is in the Queen's ecclesiastical home policy. It is only natural, perhaps, that he should dwell extensively upon it, for it welded together the church of which he is a considerable ornament; but, after all, this ecclesiastical policy was only one of

several strings to Elizabeth's bow, and was generally retaliatory. To an ordinary layman it certainly appears that the Bishop credits Elizabeth with a too decided intention, from the first, to establish the church exactly as we now know it. He admits that she was an opportunist in all other things, and that her ordinary policy was dictated by the cult of the jumping cat; but he claims that she was consistent and resolute in her ecclesiastical action; and the contention appears to be hardly borne out by the known facts. The Bishop's suggestion that the Queen was always respectful to her prelates, however rough-tongued she might be to others, is surely a mistake. It is true that the "Proud prelate" letter is now regarded as a forgery; but the Queen certainly did not mince her words to the Bishops when they came to her in November 1566 with the other members of Parliament to hear her reply to their representations about the succession; nor did she show much respect for the Bishop of St. David's when he ventured to refer to old age in his text, or to the Dean of St. Paul's in 1565, when his sermon did not square with the policy it suited her to adopt for the moment. It may be pleaded that she was less insulting to the prelates than to Walsingham or Cecil, and probably she was, especially late in life; and as all things are comparative, this may to some extent justify Dr. Creighton's view. But there are certain other slips in the book which cannot be explained away. For instance, the seizure of Philip's treasure in the western ports of England is represented by the Bishop as having been done at the instance of Hawkins, as a reprisal for his treatment at San Juan de Ulloa. The treasure-ships entered the English ports between 15 and 20 November, 1568; and although the money was not actually landed until the middle of December, it is certain that it had been decided to seize it long before then. Hawkins himself did not arrive in London until 13 February, 1569. As a matter of fact, the step was dictated by high policy, and had nothing to do with Hawkins's grievance. On p. 20 the Bishop says that the Duke of Savoy had come in Philip's train when he arrived in England to marry Queen Mary. This was not quite the case: the Duke did not come to England until several months after the King—in December 1554. Again, on the occasion of Drake's "singeing the King of Spain's beard," at Cadiz, in 1587 (page 150), he is said by the Bishop "to have sailed into Cadiz Bay, destroyed a great number of transports and store-ships, and then did the same in the harbour of Lisbon." No doubt Drake would have dearly liked to do so; and if he had succeeded there would have been no Armada, for we have Santa Cruz's word that there were no men on board the ships to resist him if he had gone up the Tagus. But by this time he had received the Queen's strict orders to return—for she was now in treaty with Farnese—and he dared not further disobey her orders. So he left Lisbon alone.

Little blemishes of this sort, however, do not detract to any extent from the excellence of the Bishop's work, especially in the latter portion of the book, which is distinctly more vigorous and graphic than the picture of Elizabeth's earlier years. The following description of the Queen's character is a good specimen of the Bishop's style:—"It is enough for the delineation of Elizabeth's character to make clear the conclusion to which she arrived. She was not allured by any hope of glory; she did not aspire to military fame; she had no enthusiasm for a great cause. She was no Amazon, but a careful housewife. She provided for the present and left the future to care for itself. Further, the only interests which she considered were those of England, and the heroism of the Netherlands did not move her. She did not sympathize with rebellion against a lawful sovereign, but with the claim of a people to determine their own religion. The revolt of the Netherlands supplied another piece which she could play in her cautious game. She felt fully justified in playing it as suited her own purposes." This is not an heroic picture, but there is no doubt it is a true one, and the passage is quoted as being one of the very few in the book which seem to do justice to the far-reaching international objects which underlay the Queen's capricious action. Our author is rather hard upon the Queen for her severity after the suppression of the dangerous revolts

in the North of England in 1570. "Elizabeth," he says, "was not naturally cruel and was generally averse to bloodshed. But on this occasion she lost her self-control, and was heedless of the remonstrances of her ministers. Yet never was an occasion when magnanimity would better have befitted a Sovereign." Want of magnanimity was certainly not Elizabeth's usual fault. But it should be recollected that this was by far the most dangerous revolt with which she ever had to deal. She knew that Papal and Spanish money was behind the rising, that the whole North of England was honeycombed with disaffection, that Mary Stuart was practically the wirepuller of the conspiracy, and that some of the highest nobles of her own Court in London would have turned against her at the very first sign of reverse or weakness. That she should stamp out such a rebellion ruthlessly was a simple measure of self-preservation, and she can hardly be blamed for doing it.

The book is a splendid and a sumptuous one; the only fault to find with it is that it might easily have been done better.

#### FICTION.

"The Love of an Obsolete Woman." Chronicled by Herself. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1897.

"Love for a Key." By G. Colmore. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

IT must be admitted that the author of "Love for a Key" has succeeded where many have failed. She has given us a rounded and complete little picture of a marriage drama, without over-explanation, weariness, or depression. The success is not great—one would be tempted to add that if it were it would not be a success; for her success is due to the fact that she knows how far her powers of achievement extend, and has set her aim well within them. The changes which wife and husband undergo are not greatly conceived; but there is an incident to illustrate each one of them. And if the incidents are not powerfully seen, they are prettily chosen and they perform their task without strain. The orchestration, in fact, is not rich or full; but there is an orchestra, and the composer writes unaffectedly and harmoniously for such instruments as are at her command. "The Love of an Obsolete Woman" is a different kind of attempt, and the two pieces of fiction are only noticed together because the comparison brings out its main fault. The difference and the fault might be put in this way. The two books as they stand have about the same value; but if they were both as good as they could be, "Love for a Key" would be much better than "The Love of an Obsolete Woman." For the first is one complete whole, while the second is only a study. If any thoughtless person imagines that the study of one thing, begun at the beginning and carried through to its end, must result in one united and complete picture, he might convince himself of his error by comparing these two novels. The obsolete woman starts with the first occasion on which she met her lover, she writes of nothing but that love, and leaves it only when the lover dies. The story, therefore, is quite narrow, and yet it is not a shapely composition; it is a meaningless study from the life, tragic, but not a tragedy. The author of "Love for a Key," with a larger number of characters, with incidents, apparently more scattered, dropping in from various quarters, achieves an ordered, symmetrical whole. As a slice of life, as a study, the obsolete woman's love is interesting enough; possibly the other writer would not light upon such good material; but if she had done so she would not have been satisfied to give it to the world as it stands.

To descend to an objection that may look dangerously like hypercriticism, we would register a protest against the quotations from Browning which head the chapters of "Love for a Key." Quotation, whether at the top or in the middle of the page, depends for its literary value upon one thing—its happiness; and there is a point where quotation ceases to be happy—to wit, when its aptitude is too obvious. Those who admire Browning's poetry might declare that a writer who has found an exact parallel for one of her own chapters in

"James Lee's Wife," for instance, would do well to remind the reader of it as little as possible, if she would escape the charge of presumptuousness. Those who do not admire might object that Browning's psychological scufflings are far too explanatory and uncrystallized to serve as quotations. The objections are really the same. Browning is so psychological, and his psychology is so close to the kind of psychology in which a novelist deals nowadays, that the novelist is not likely to score by quoting from him. And that is all an artist wants to achieve by quotation—a score for his own wit; he leaves the discovery of an exact parallel to the scholar. Mrs. Colmore writes a perfectly clear, pretty chapter describing an explanation between the estranged man and wife, in which the wife says, "If—it might have been different if you had very much cared. But you loved me too little; and I loved you too much. My love wearied you." And then she weighs down her chapter by heading it with two verses containing the lines:—

" Yet this turns now to a fault—there ! there !

That I do love, watch too long,

And wait too well, and weary and wear."

This is not happy, displays no wit, and is, therefore, no feather in the cap of the quoter. It is no longer a distinction to understand Browning.

"A Strong Man Armed; and other Tales." By Walter Phelps Dodge. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1897.

Cosily ensconced among the broad margins of this little volume lie four serious stories and a farce. The merits of Mr. Dodge's pathos and the merits of Mr. Dodge's humour are so equal that we do not know how to advise Mr. Dodge as to his future choice between tragedy and comedy. The funny incidents which make up his farce infect us with the author's own gay and dancing humour; we are carried off our feet in a sunny stream of thoughtless laughter. In the course of a few pages a butler is discovered "leaning against a tree imbibing, apparently with much gusto, the contents of a pocket-flask"; a pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen "proceed to discuss the strawberries and good champagne, not forgetting the tea, with much gusto"; and a gentleman can hardly be prevented from interpolating a "comic song of his own, which he gave with gusto, into the second act" of "Faust." In this short space, also, an elderly gentleman "felt a severe shock in the rear, and with great grace and agility proceeded to turn a somersault"; and hardly have we recovered from our laughter when the same elderly gentleman, noticing a young man arm-in-arm with Ethel, "said nothing; but a person observing his side face would have seen a contraction of the eyelid, which might have been caused by a bit of dust, but which appeared entirely voluntary." He also staggers back into a rather stout matron, "bringing her down to earth with a shock that could be heard some distance off." The qualities which Mr. Dodge displays as a teller of serious short stories cannot be so easily indicated in the short space at our disposal. Early in one of these four stories an Englishman behaves roughly to an Italian porter outside the railway station at Genoa. After eighteen pages, during which the Englishman and his wife "exhaust the attractions of the old town," and visit churches, galleries and the Campo Santo, the porter reappears, and in making an unsuccessful attempt on the Englishman's life is crushed in a door. Rightly deeming that his readers would be eager to learn something of the literary opinions held by an author who can successfully cope with the subtleties of so intricate a drama, Mr. Dodge prefaces his volume with a few personal and critical remarks. It is a pity that Scott, Hugo and Richter are no longer able to hear Mr. Dodge "frankly avow himself a disciple of the old Romantic School." His avowal is no less frank than his modesty, for he claims brotherhood with this school because their chief tenet was "to have a tale to tell and tell it." We cannot judge how those fabled creatures "the decadent writers of to-day" will feel when they realize that Mr. Dodge is "out of touch with" them. After saying that he is not in sympathy with "the sexual analyst," he finishes the tale of his artistic qualifications, positive and negative, by confessing

"his utter inability to act as a literary obstetrician"—as though there were something particularly unpleasant in the notion of a house-surgeon at Queen Charlotte's Hospital engaged in reading Wordsworth. But perhaps Mr. Dodge, who has read the "Theætetus" at Oxford, may mean this sentence as a modest warning to the young authors who might be attracted by his work and come clamouring at St. Stephen's Club for help in the production of their literary offspring. Meanwhile we have forgotten to mention an acute piece of observation which we discovered in the tale about the porter. The young couple who kindly consent to fill up the interval between the two ends of this particular story which Mr. Dodge has to tell, "gloried in the fact that they were not educated up to the Beardsley standard"; they also spent the greater part of their time in the Campo Santo, camera in hand. Any one who has seen the Campo Santo at Genoa will realize how accurately Mr. Dodge has observed his types.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Edmunds on Patents." Second Edition. By T. M. Stevens, D.C.L. London: Stevens. 1897.

MR. STEVENS has satisfactorily accomplished the task of bringing this standard work on the Law and Practice of Letters Patent for Inventions up to date. He has done even more than this. The book as it leaves his hands is an improvement on the original work, apart from any question of subsequent decisions. Notably the chapter on "Subject-matter" has become intellectual and even readable.

Mr. St. Clair Tisdall has missed the opportunity of writing a very valuable and interesting book in his "Conversion of Armenia to the Christian Faith" (Religious Tract Society). He has an extensive knowledge of the Armenian language and literature; and this, together with his residence in Julfâ, the Armenian suburb of Ispahan, enables him to draw his information at first hand from authoritative sources. But somehow he has contrived to make a story that ought to read like a romance as dull as a controversial theological treatise. He lets no opportunity pass of emphasizing his own "Evangelicism" and the errors of all "Sacerdotalists," Romanists and Ritualists—all of which, although of great importance to an agent of the Church Missionary Society, is out of place in such a book as this. The interest of Armenia lies in the fact that it was the first country to adopt Christianity as a national religion, that it was the first to have a "popular" Bible, and that although Parthians, Persians, Arabs, Romans and Turks have harried the devoted people so long as history tells, the nation has still continued to assert its separate identity. In the words of a Russian writer quoted by Mr. Tisdall, "A nation which has been able to preserve its individuality from the days of Nimrod and Semiramis up to our own times, and also in some measure to maintain its own distinctive type, its customs, its language and its religion, must never be forgotten in history." It was their mountains and plateaus that saved Armenia and enabled the Armenian Church, like the Coptic, to stand out for century after century literally an island amid the surrounding sea of Mahomedan invasion. Those who are interested in the subject cannot afford to overlook Mr. Tisdall's book, for it contains much that is otherwise inaccessible to English readers; but if he wishes to be read by the many he must mend his ways.

It was well worth Mr. Vincent's while to compile his "Land Question in North Wales" (Longmans), if only for the three chapters that deal with the methods of the Welsh Land Commission. Mr. Vincent is a strong partisan, and his statements and arguments on the general question will be read subject to that allowance, but we are really glad to see that some one has taken the trouble to expose the humbug of the average Royal Commission. There was a time when this costly and tedious machinery was of use; impartial men going over the country and questioning those interested were able to return to London and bear witness to facts not otherwise ascertainable. But in these days of newspapers and Leagues and Associations gentlemen who have already made up their minds sit and hear witnesses coached for the occasion, and the Commissioners go back and report, each precisely as he would have reported if he had never left town. On pages 93 and 94 Mr. Vincent gives instances of Commissioners thrusting their views on witnesses to the extent of an oration of one hundred and eighty words or so, the witness's evidence consisting of "Yes." When farmers have been induced in this way to give their adhesion to Land Courts, fixity of tenure and so forth, the Commissioners who have put the words into the men's mouths report to Her Majesty that there is a strong feeling in Wales in favour of things of which the bulk of the people would never have heard but for the Commissioners themselves.

"Three Acres and a Cow" has ceased to be a party cry, and all over the country County Councils and local associations are

busy in carrying out the benevolent intentions of the Allotments Acts, 1887 and 1890, and the Small Holdings Act, 1892. Those interested will find in Mr. Green's "Allotments and Small Holdings" (Swan Sonnenschein) a useful guide to all the formalities required. The Acts are clearly explained, forms of Rules and Agreements are given as models, and the Orders of the Local Government Board are set out at length.

Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's "Handy Reference Atlas of the World" (London: John Walker) has been on our table for some time, but it has made itself so useful for reference during recent foreign troubles that we had almost overlooked the purpose for which it was originally sent. The fifth edition of this remarkably helpful and comprehensive work contains eighty additional maps, making a total of two hundred and thirty-four maps, plans, and charts, together with some fifty pages of geographical and statistical information, all in a single handy volume as easily consulted as "Whitaker" or "Hazzell."

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

ONCE more in "Cosmopolis" we have to regret the absence of both M. Faguet and M. Lemaitre and the endless presence of M. Bourget. However, the review contains some good contributions, notably the first instalment of Mr. Joseph Conrad's "An Outpost of Progress." The author has placed his two forlorn and unconscious figures on the scene with the dignity of a fine pathos. So far it looks as if Mr. Conrad's story must lose as much as Mr. Kipling's gained by the division into two parts. For once in a way the French section is honoured by an article that seems to be quite obviously silly. It is not merely that Mr. Gabriel Mourey shows a lack of discrimination in his review of the New Gallery and the Academy—he fails altogether in impressiveness and cogency. Mr. de Bertha, too, would have written a more impressive article, apart from the worth of his opinions, if he had kept to his main argument about Wagner's system of *leit-motifs* instead of ranging over a wide field of general attack. Mr. Eugène Müntz continues to give some good advice in his concluding chapters on the anarchic state of contemporary style in architecture and furniture; both Mr. Müntz and Mr. MacColl make a welcome stand against the over-impatient innovators who hope to "improvise" a style. The German section opens with a sympathetic treatment of a theme that reminds us a little of Turgéniev. The short story is good enough to make even those who are unfamiliar with the name of Ludwig Gabilon come with a certain shock of regret to the editorial note of the author's death. Mr. P. D. Fischer writes of Heinrich von Stephan and his work as Postmaster. Mr. de Pressensé and Mr. Theodor Barth are both more pleasant to read on the subject of the Jubilee than Sir Richard Temple.

The June number of the "Mercure de France" has some readable fiction, some obviously swagger verses, some bright criticism and a pleasantly tall rhapsody on the subject of Beethoven by M. Henry Bourgerel.

## THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Arnold of Rugby (J. J. Findlay). Clay. 5s.  
Dogs, Modern. 2 vols. (Rawdon B. Lee). Horace Cox.  
Gibson, Abby Hopper, Life of. 2 vols. (S. H. Emerson). Putnam. 12s.  
Iceland, Three Visits to (Mrs. D. Leith). Masters.  
Jubilee Greeting at Spithhead (T. Watts-Dunton). Lane. 2s.  
Longman's Magazine (July).  
Medicines, The Action of (T. Lauder Brunton). Macmillan. 10s. 6d.  
Morality, The Teaching of (Sophie Bryant). Sonnenschein.  
Pall Mail Magazine (July).  
Penitent Bandits (Sir T. Matthew). Art and Book Co. 2s.  
Pursuit of the House-Boat, The (J. K. Bangs). Osgood. 2s.  
Romance of Arentel, The (C. Ellis Stevens). Putnam. 5s.  
Sartor Resartus (Thomas Carlyle). Black. 5s.  
Science of Comparative Religions, Short Studies in the (J. G. R. Forlong). Quaritch.  
Thiers, M. (Henri Doniol). Collin.  
Wales, North, Guide to. Black. 3s. 6d.

*The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.*

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Your Directors submit herewith for your consideration the Balance Sheet for the period ended 31st December, 1896.

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Owing to the scarcity of native labour it was necessary to close down the Mill for a few months during last year. These difficulties were, however, eventually overcome, and the Mill is running again with the full complement of Stamps and giving good results. The Development is being pushed on rapidly, and the Mine generally is in a satisfactory condition, as will be seen from the Manager's Report.

**FINANCE.**

During the year a dividend of ten per cent. (10 per cent.) was declared, amounting to £43,750. Fifty thousand Reserve Shares were disposed of at £2 each, leaving at present 12,500 Shares in reserve.

**PROPERTY.**

The Company's Titles are in order, and have been carefully guarded, and Beizrecht obtained on all the Claims.

**DIRECTORS.**

Mr. S. CLAY retires from the Directorate in terms of the Articles of Association, but, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

**GENERAL.**

It will be necessary to appoint an Auditor, and to fix the remuneration for the past audit.

**North Randfontein G. M. Co.**  
LIMITED.

**DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR 1896.**

**PROPERTY.**

All your Company's Property has been properly looked after and proper title to same obtained, and where necessary Beizrecht has been applied for and granted.

**MINE.**

The Mine is in a satisfactory condition, but owing to a scarcity of native labour and the continued drought it was found impossible to keep the full Mill running. These difficulties have, however, been overcome, and the Directors have every reason to anticipate a satisfactory return from the Mine.

**CAPITAL.**

In accordance with resolutions passed at various Shareholders' meetings the Capital has been increased to £300,000.

**GENERAL.**

Mr. S. CLAY retires from the Board of Directors, in terms of the Articles of Association, but being eligible offers himself for re-election. It will also be necessary for you to appoint an Auditor in the place of Mr. S. FLEISCHER, who retires, but offers himself for re-election; and also to determine upon the remuneration for the past audit.

**MANAGER'S REPORT.**

The following is taken from the Manager's Report:—

This Mine was started in 1894, and, after prospecting, the Randfontein leader was located and developing operations were commenced in October 1894. The Mine is being worked by means of three Shafts, one being situated near the South and the other the North end of the property (these are intended as auxiliary shafts), and a main vertical shaft approximately in the centre. The South Shaft is sunk to the 3rd and the North to the 4th level, while the Main Shaft is intended to strike the reef at about 1,200 ft. depth. This shaft is now completed to the 5th level, and the cross-cut started to intersect the reef. On the 15th October the mill was started; but, owing to the scarcity of water, crushing operations were suspended at the end of the ensuing month.

**DEVELOPMENT.**

The amount of development to date, as shown by the books, is 6,000 ft. driven. The total footage sunk, driven and risen for the period under review, is 12,300 ft. The ore developed for the period under review, as per the books, is 120,110 tons. The total number of tons crushed was 7,503, thus leaving 112,607 tons developed.

**EQUIPMENT.**

The Mine is fully equipped with the most excellent machinery and electrical plant.

**MILL.**

The Mill is a 60-stamp one by Fraser & Chalmers, and is driven by a 400 h.p. Vertical Triple Expansion Engine.

**CYANIDE WORKS.**

Cyanide Plant for treatment of 10,000 tons of tailings per month complete, comprising 6 Leaching Vats, 2 Concentrate Vats, 5 Extractor Boxes with Storage Sumps, Pumps, &c.

**Robinson Randfontein G. M. Co.**  
LIMITED.

**DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR 1896.**

**MINE.**

The Mine has been vigorously and rapidly developed, and from the assays made there is every reason for stating that your Property will prove to be a valuable concern when the Mill starts crushing. A 60-stamp battery has been ordered, with all the necessary appliances, and the Property fully equipped with the latest Machinery.

**PROPERTY.**

As the Property was found to be too large for one Company to manage, your Directors disposed of the Northern half of it to the Block A Randfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited, receiving as the purchase price 400,000 fully paid up Shares in the Company, which Shares were distributed amongst the Shareholders in accordance with their holding.

**DIRECTORS.**

In terms of the Articles of Association, Mr. S. CLAY retires from the Board of Directors, but is eligible and offers himself for re-election.

**GENERAL.**

You are asked to appoint an Auditor in the place of Mr. S. FLEISCHER, who retires, but offers himself for re-election, and to fix the remuneration for the past audit.

**MANAGER'S REPORT, 1896.**

**MINING.**

**MAIN SHAFT.**—This has been sunk 471 ft. up till the 14th of November. During the first few months of the year very little work could be accomplished, owing to the political situation, which disorganized the whole labour supply. The present depth of this shaft is now 608 ft. No sinking has been done since the 14th of November, to enable the 12-inch Cornish Pump to be fixed in the shaft in its proper working position. The size of the shaft is 18 ft. by 5 ft. 6 in. in the clear, timbered throughout with 8 in. by 8 in. pitch pine and lagged behind the sets with 2-in. pine. The shaft is divided into 4 compartments, viz:—2 main hauling-ways, 1 sinking, and 1 pump and ladder way. At the 3rd or 380 ft. level the main sump was cut in the southern side of the station; the holding capacity of this is 25,000 gallons. The whole of the water from all parts of the Mine will be led into this. It is not expected that much water will be met with below this station. It is intended to sink again as soon as the new head gear is erected, which is now in hand.

**TOTAL DEVELOPMENT.**

The number of feet driven, raised, and sunk, including stope drives, box holes, &c., amounts to 10,311 ft.

**TONS READY FOR MILLING, BASED ON 30-IN. STOPE.**

	Tons.	No. of Assays.	Dwts.	Grns.	Average
1st Level ...	32,711'54	126	25	13'77	
2nd , ,	15,211'53	68	32	21'59	

**Block A Randfontein G. M. Co.**  
LIMITED.

**DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR 1896.**

**MINE.**

The operations of the Company have been chiefly confined to Development and Sinking Shafts and Winzes, which has been done in a manner that will ensure the rapid development of the Mine. The necessary machinery has been purchased, and the Mine is fully equipped for its present requirements, as will be seen from the Manager's Report submitted.

**PROPERTY.**

The Property owned by your Company has been thoroughly protected, and Beizrechts obtained. It was found necessary to acquire certain 53 outcrop claims adjoining the west boundary of the property, and your Directors therefore purchased them.

**FINANCE.**

From the Balance Sheets you will observe that the financial position of the Company is satisfactory, and that you also hold 52,500 reserve shares, which will be ample until the Company reaches its producing stage.

**GENERAL.**

Mr. S. CLAY retires from the Directorate, in terms of the Articles of Association, but being eligible, offers himself for re-election. You will also be asked to appoint an auditor in the place of Mr. S. FLEISCHER, who retires, but offers himself for re-election; and to fix the remuneration for the past audit.

## Langlaagte Estate and G. M. Co. LIMITED.

### DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR 1896.

The Directors beg to submit to Shareholders the Balance Sheet, Expenditure and Revenue Statement, and Profit and Loss Account to December 31, 1896, duly audited and certified to, also the Manager's Report, giving details of the Company's operations for the year.

#### FINANCIAL POSITION.

The Profit and Loss Account shows:—

Balance at 31st December, 1895, allowing for shortfall on estimate of Gold in transit at that date, and expenses on Shares sold and taken credit for during 1895...	£371,200 17 4
Profit for 1896 ...	199,412 2 8
	£570,613 0 0

Appropriated as follows:—

Mine Development Redemp-	
tion ...	£17,187 9 11
Depreciation, &c. ...	20,588 3 7
	£37,775 13 6
Dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. for the year ...	141,000 0 0
	178,775 13 6

Leaving a balance to be carried forward of £391,837 6 6

46 per cent. has been written off for Mine Development Redemption, leaving the amount standing in the Company's books, as the value of ore in sight, at the low value of 10*ld.* per ton.

11 per cent. has been allowed for Depreciation on Buildings, Machinery and Plant, Permanent Works, &c., which, taking into consideration the additions to the Company's Plant in new Machinery and increase of Mill to 200 Stamps during the year, places its assets at a very low valuation in the Balance Sheet.

#### WORKING COSTS.

On Mine Milling and General Supervision are increased by about 1·2 per cent., but against this there is a decrease in the cost of the treatment of Tailings and Concentrates, leaving a net decrease on the total cost as compared with the previous year of 1s. 4*od.* per ton crushed, due to economical working.

A very large expenditure was incurred during the year in obtaining native labour, the cost amounting to a little over sixpence (6*d.*) per ton crushed.

#### WATER.

On account of the unprecedented drought experienced during the year, the water supply was the cause of considerable anxiety, but with the aid of the Company's reserve dams full work was able to be maintained till the rains set in.

Advantage was taken during the dry season of increasing the storage capacity of the Company's reserve dams to assure a very much larger reserve supply and sufficient to withstand a very prolonged drought.

#### ORE IN SIGHT.

Stands at 450,231 tons, as against 465,608, a decrease of 15,377 tons on 31st December, 1895; this is attributable to the cessation of development work during a portion of the year, on account of difficulties of native labour and coal supply. Development work has, however, been again fully resumed.

#### MACHINERY AND PLANT.

During the year valuable and extensive additions have been made to the Company's Plant, which is now in excellent order and a high state of efficiency.

#### ESTATE.

You will note from the Statements that an amount of £62,666 13s. 4d. has been derived from the Company's holding in the Langlaagte Exploration Company, being a dividend and bonus paid by the latter Company.

#### GENERAL.

In order of rotation Mr. R. LILIENFELD retires from the Board, but is eligible, and offers himself for re-election. Two Auditors will have to be elected for the ensuing year, and the remuneration fixed for the past audit.

#### SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

**THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.**  
Est. 1803.—1 Old Broad St., E.C.; 22 Pall Mall, S.W.; & 47 Chancery Lane. Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds, over £1,500,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

#### PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS . . . . . £97,000,000.

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PURE BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The Bots. 4-Bots.  
quality of this wine will be found equal to wine usually sold 14s. 8s.  
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# RANDFONTEIN ESTATES G. M. COMPANY, Ltd.

## DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1896.

*The Directors beg to lay before the Shareholders the following statement:—*

### FINANCIAL.

The Profit and Loss Statement shows a credit balance of £891,676 13s. 9d. During the year under review 400,000 shares of the Porges Randfontein Company were distributed to Shareholders by way of bonus, in the proportion of one Porges share for every five shares held in this Company. 232,666 Block A Randfontein Company shares were received by virtue of this Company's holding in the Robinson Randfontein Company, and £35,000 was received in cash as dividend on the Porges Randfontein shares held by this Company.

### PROSPECTING.

This work has been vigorously carried on on the farms Uitvalfontein and Waterval, and the results have been so thoroughly satisfactory as to warrant the flotation of several subsidiary Companies at an early date.

### ESTATE.

The various properties owned by the Company have been carefully guarded and where necessary Beitzrechten obtained. The Plantations on the Estate are in good order, and large quantities of timber ready for cutting. The Revenue derived from licences and other sources amounted to £10,198 9s. 4d. during the year.

### GENERAL.

Mr. J. W. S. LANGERMAN retires in order of rotation as a Director of the Company, and, being eligible, offers himself for re-election. Two auditors for the ensuing year have to be elected, and the remuneration for the past audit fixed.

## MANAGER'S REPORT.

I herewith beg to hand you Report on the work done during the year 1896.

During the year all attention has been devoted to opening out the reef north and southwards, from the boundaries of the subsidiary Companies, in which your Company holds large interests.

The following Mynpachts and Claims are held by you:—

Mynpacht No. 165—275 73 acres on Randfontein.	
" 166—211 65 " Uitvalfontein.	
" 204—423 30 " Waterval.	
" 205—177 79 " "	

Total 1088 47 Acres and 810 Claims.

The Claims and Mynpachts situated on the extension of the Randfontein Leader have been divided into blocks marked A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, and these have been prospected with highly successful results, showing that your Company holds valuable Blocks of ground ready for flotation.

The following Assays taken from the various Blocks speak for themselves:—

### BLOCK A.

This Block, situated on the south boundary of Uitvalfontein and Randfontein, is made up of half Mynpacht 165, approximately 2,900 feet along line of reef, and a number of Dip claims; has not been prospected.

### BLOCK B.

Adjoining Block A on the north and Porges Randfontein on the south, and made up of half Mynpacht No. 165, about 2,800 feet along the line of reef and a number of Dip claims; has been fully prospected with satisfactory results.

### ASSAYS.

### BLOCK B.

AVERAGE ASSAYS.—Shaft No. 1—15 dwts.; Shaft No. 4—1 oz. 12 dwts. 18 grs.; Shaft No. 5—1 oz. 5 dwts. 12 grs.; Winze No. 6—40 ozs. 18 grs.; Winze No. 7—2 ozs. 6 dwts. 23 grs.; Cuttings—9 ozs. 12 dwts. 3 grs.

### BLOCK C.

2,400 feet along the line of reef, adjoins Mynpacht Randfontein Gold Mining Company on the north, comprising half of Mynpacht No. 166, and a block of Dip claims, has been opened up by numerous prospecting Shafts and the Randfontein Leader proved right through the property with the following results:—

AVERAGE ASSAYS.—Shaft No. 1—2 ozs. 11 dwts. 10 grs.; Shaft No. 4—1 oz. 1 dwt. 21 grs.; Shaft No. 7—3 ozs. 5 dwts. 13 grs.; Shaft No. 8—4 ozs. 13 dwts. 2 grs.

### BLOCK D.

Adjoins Block C, comprises half Mynpacht No. 166, and a block of Dip claims, is also ready for flotation; the Leader being proved right through the Block and gives the following assays:—

AVERAGE ASSAYS.—Shaft No. 9—16 dwts. 10 grs.; Shaft No. 10—16 dwts. 4 grs.; Shaft No. 14—2 ozs. 9 dwts. 19 grs.; Shaft No. 17—1 oz. 18 dwts. 17 grs.

### BLOCK E.

Is situated on the farm Waterfall adjoining Block D, and has been fully prospected. 23 Assays averaging 7 ozs. 11 dwts. 11 grs.

### BLOCK F.

About 2,270 feet along line of reef, still being prospected. Assays made so far show an average for 3 assays of 1 oz. 11 dwts. 14 grs.

### BLOCK G.

Fully prospected with the following satisfactory results:—

AVERAGE ASSAYS.—Shaft No. 2—6 ozs. 12 dwts. 9 grs.; Shaft No. 10—1 oz. 2 dwts. 10 grs.; Shaft No. 14—15 ozs. 5 dwts. 12 grs.; Shaft No. 20—2 ozs. 19 dwts. 19 grs.; Shaft No. 21—2 ozs. 9 dwts. 3 grs.

Besides the above your Company holds Block H (Mynpacht No. 205) and a large number of valuable blocks of Claims which have not yet been prospected. The entire holding of your Company is made up as follows:—

Four Mynpachts	...	755 Claims
Claims on Waterval	...	326 "
" " Uitvalfontein	...	244 "
" " Randfontein	...	240 "
Total	1,563	Claims.

Besides the above you own the following unproclaimed farms:—

Rietfontein...	...	...	728 13 Acres
Droogeheuvel	...	...	2,079 27 "
Middlevlei...	...	...	2,711 43 "
Gemsbokfontein	...	...	1,423 22 "
Panvlakte ...	...	...	9,389 33 "
Total	16,331 38	Acres.	

As Coal has been discovered on the adjoining farm to Panvlakte, it makes Panvlakte a very valuable asset.

Further, your Company is the surface owner of the proclaimed farms Uitvalfontein and Randfontein, and lease owners of the proclaimed farm Waterval. The revenue derived from licence money amounted to £10,198 9s. 4d. during the twelve months.

During the year the Railway has been completed to Randfontein and a station built between Porges Randfontein and the Homestead, and when Sidings can be obtained along the Line the delivery of Coal to the subsidiary Companies will be greatly facilitated.

Two large plantations—one on Middlevlei, and another on the proclaimed portion of Randfontein—are in good order, and a large number of Mining Poles have been sold to the Mines during the year.

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